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Apollo Sauroktonos

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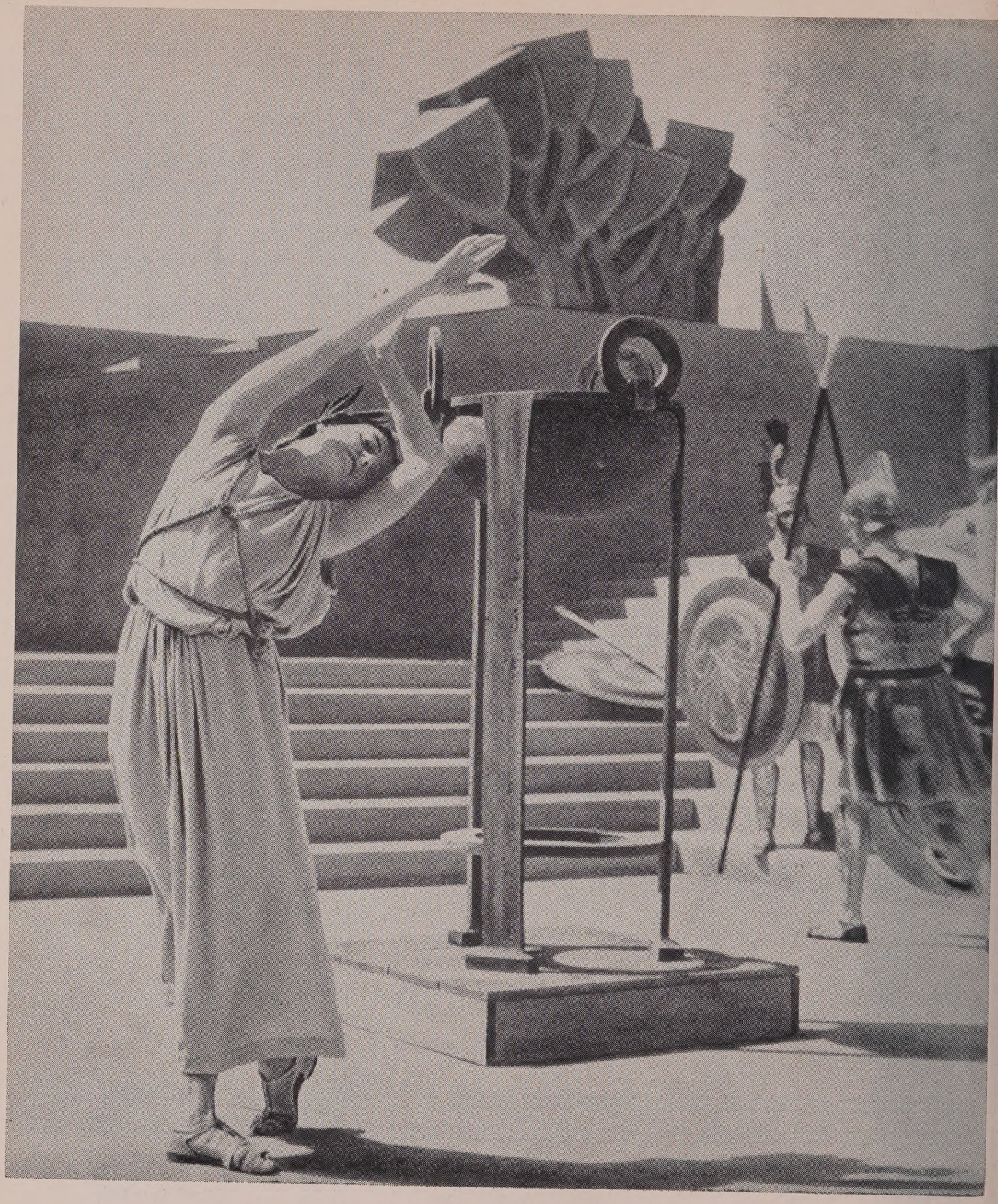


● **SOPHOCLES' "AJAX" AT THE SYRACUSE GREEK THEATRE**

Open air classical drama in Italy is not merely a cold archeological reconstruction, but is relived each year by actors and actresses who interpret the best known of the Greek tragedies at the Syracuse, Taormina and Ostia theatres.

ATHENE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE of HELLENIC THOUGHT

SPRING 1954 DEMETRIOS A. MICHALAROS, Editor VOL. XV - No. 1

George Drosinis (1859-1951) and His Work(*)

By DEMETRIUS J. GEORGACAS
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA

3. PROSE

The first prose work of Drosinis is his **Rural Letters** (published in 1882 in **Estia** when he was 23 years of age), which was translated into German by August Boltz (Leipzig) and into French by Couturier. In these twelve letters Drosinis describes with great vivacity and grace his impressions of his summer stay at Gouves, North Euboea, the life of the villagers, and his adventures. The letters are full of color and life from the country. It is again N. Politis to whom Drosinis owed the encouragement to continue these letters as well as the advice to collect folklore material.

Drosinis also wrote a short story "Chrysoula", which won the first prize at the first short-story contest of **Estia** in 1883, the judging committee of the contest consisting of E. Roidis, S. Lambros, and N. Politis, as chairman.

Of his many novels and short stories three of special excellence are the novels **Amaryllis** (1885 in **Estia**), **The Herb of Love** (1888 in **Estia**) and **Ersi** (1922). **The Rural Letters, Amaryllis, The Herb of Love, Stories of the Country and the City,** and **Barbadimos** were written in the puristic language (the first three before the demotic movement of 1888), but with inserted passages, some whole stories, of native country people speaking the demotic.

AMARYLLIS

Amaryllis is the name of a young girl who is a village lass in the mountains and a queen in the city, a name taken from Theocritus' third idyll, where she is a shepherdess sweetheart. The Swiss Wild indeed had settled in the village of Korbatsi near Gouves and did possess a large estate (including two villages) and a very nice villa. Drosinis had seen it in 1880 (see **Rural Letters,** pp. 11-12). But Wild had no daughter. The novel was borne for five years in the poet's imagination and mind as a creation longed for but it could not be written until 1885 when he at last found the imaginary daughter of Mr. Wild embodied in the person of a maiden of Attica; the poet had an unkissed romance with the girl who inspired him. She married later and her husband, fifty years later (1935), asked the poet to visit his model for Amaryllis, his old acquaintance; thereupon the seventy-five year old poet wrote the verse:

Unkissed they loved each other; they saw each other again
as old people
And then he, for the first time, kissed her hand.

Enthusiastic readers of **Amaryllis** named their daughters after the heroine. The name **Amaryllis,** on a marble plate fastened to the gate, graced the old villa at Kiphisia bought from their uncle Anastasis Diomidis Kyriakos by the poet's brother Stratos in 1918 and enlarged and remodeled in 1927. Here the poet spent his summers from 1928 to 1938 and the last eleven years of his life from June 5, 1939. The novel was translated into many foreign languages (English by Mrs. E. Edmonds, German, Swedish, Danish, Czech, Dutch, Italian, French; the French translations ran into thirty-seven editions and 148,000 copies through the end of 1938). A sixteen line poem on Amaryllis was written by the poet's American friend Mrs. Adèle Thomas-Boyd which Drosinis rendered into Greek (see **Memoirs** 1.487).

The plot of the graceful novel is briefly as follows:

The young Athenian Stephanos, after graduating from the university, reluctantly accepted the invitation of his uncle Aristides to spend a couple of weeks at the latter's estate in the country. There loneliness, tedium, and discomfort among the hardships of the country were broken when on the fourth day of his visit he received an invitation to breakfast from Anastasis P., a merchant from Marseille, a widower, who lived there for the six summer months every year with his younger daughter Amaryllis. The three had an excursion and supper together. Stephanos liked it, no longer wanted to leave, for Amaryllis was revealed to him as one of the masterpieces of nature. When he had fallen deeply in love with the girl, Stephanos was asked by Anastasis for his opinion about Amaryllis' character, for the father, so he said, had promised her an excellent young man and the two young people were in love with each other. Stephanos thought that this was a clever way on the part of her father to separate him from Amaryllis. So the young man left for Athens where he was

(*) Continued and concluded. See the first part in ATHENE 13 (1952 Autumn No. 3, pp. 23-30.

telling his friend his adventures. Uncle Aristides came in and revealed the plot he had woven with Anastasis. Amaryllis was in love with Stephanos and Anastasis was waiting for his future son-in-law to come with his uncle. The union was completed.

But it is the details and the style that are more worthy and exciting than plot structure. **Amaryllis** is no masterpiece in the strict sense of the word; the type of the young Amaryllis is conventional and the whole novel lacks great originality (so T. Agras, **Nea Estia** 16.742b). But it is no doubt excellent in conception and composition.

THE HERB OF LOVE

Superior to **Amaryllis** is **The Herb of Love,** a rural novelette, a drama, which the poet lived at Gouves, wrote at Leipzig within eighteen days in the winter of 1887, and published in **Estia** in 1888. This nostalgic reechoing of the rural life at Gouves relates in an exciting and unexpected sequence of events the tragic love affair of a handsome young villager and a devilish young Gypsy girl. The work contains considerable material descriptive of customs and folklore. It was translated into several languages (French, 1906; German; English by Mrs. Edmonds in the series of the **Pseudonym Library,** London; Italian, 1912; Dutch, 1921; Bulgarian from the French translation, 1917; Armenian). The Greek composer P. Petridis made an opera of **The Herb of Love.**

Here follows a short outline of its plot:

A one-eyed Gypsy, Yiftokavouras by name, with his daughter Zamfira, nicknamed "Devil's Spark", worked in a cave. When the girl begged for bread in the village, a woman struck her and the children chased her; then the writer had it announced that those who would wrong the girl would be fined. Yiftokavouras and his daughter, wet from rain, asked for hospitality at Yannios' sheepfold one October night. Yannios received them but at their departure found five snakes left in a sack and cursed his hospitality. Before joining the army Yannios, his brother, and their old father went to a nearby village for a festival of Saint George at which Yiftokavouras was playing for the dance. Yannios became ill: evil eye- He met the Gypsy girl and her father again; she explained the purpose of the snakes and that she had no evil eye. Yannios was invited for another time, had supper and entertainment with them, but when he tried to make love to the girl, he learned that she was above such temptation. Once he asked for the powder against snake-bite, she gave him also the Herb of Love, which makes any woman follow him before sunset. She became his and they met daily. Yannios left for the army; when he returned after two years he rejected Zemfira and became engaged to another girl. Zemfira appeared before him one Sunday as he was on his way to his fiancèe, standing on the path behind which were a cliff and the sea. He pushed her over the precipice. A few days after her body was recovered Yannios too was found on that same path mortally struck with a hammer. Questioned about what had happened, he could only murmur "The Herb of Love" in his delirium and then he died.

On the scientific names of the "Herb of Love" and its magic power, see M. Stephanidis, Lexikographikon Archtion 5 (1923) 67.

Drosinis' striking invention is the young Gypsy witch who sells the herb of love and is herself bewitched by it. Zemfira, the violent type of southern woman, not only loves passionately but also, instead of suppressing her love, declares it and, when abandoned by the young shepherd who fought her with her own weapons, brings on her own destruction. Psychology, scenes, dialogues and the fatal, inescapable finale made up for the lack of high dramatic synthesis.

ERSI

Ersi, a distinguished novel written in the spring of 1922, has as its central idea the great and unique merit of marriage when it, as a consequence of pure love, unites two persons of simple and chaste soul. Unlike other romantic stories, which end either in disaster or in marriage, this novel starts with marriage.

Here is the plot, drawn from contemporary life:

Paul Rodanos, a young archaeologist, with his young wife Ersi ("Dew") came to an island in the Aegean for the six summer months of 1912 in order that Paul may study the topography and antiquities of the island. They had been married three years; he from Epirus was studying ancient sculpture to write a book on the woman's body in Greek sculpture, when she came with her father from Constantinople to Athens. They fell in love, married, and went to Europe. Now far from Athens they were living the solitary life of the island, bound together by tender love. But here is an unsolved mystery: a mute boy was found in a sack thrown on the shore. The child, driven from place to place by the cruelty of the islanders, fortunately fell into the hands of Paul and Ersi. Ersi with goodness and affection calmed and tamed the child. Paul, investigating the sites, concluded that a neighboring islet was the "Island of the Erinyes," now called Erinyo. This investigation on the spot also cleared up the mystery of the mute child and revealed a murder resulting from the smuggling of antiquities. When Paul's work neared its completion, there came the sudden call of general mobilization. Paul as a reservist had to go to his regiment, and Ersi with steady and convincing tone predicted the Greek victory ahead.

The poet frequented the Acropolis Museum so often that he knew even the slightest marble pieces in it. It is there that he, from such a piece of a lost Kore and the visit of an unknown beautiful young woman, shaped in his mind the idyll of Ersi and the young archaeologist.

The gentle and subtle story of the work develops in a joyous atmosphere; the narrative is calm and captivating; the painting of reality is woven and harmonized with the grace of the intellectual. The insular life of the Greek Aegean is vivified with a precise and deep description, figures of the contemporary world are presented.

The heroine Ersi is depicted as an ethereal and at the same time real creature, an imposing figure of a woman with the great feminine qualities, the most beautiful model of a woman in modern Greek literature: physical beauty, the most important gift of nature, true education, sincerity, simplicity, grace, balance, faith that derives from love, sensitiveness of the heart, the eternal flowering of the soul. We are brought into contact with the graces which seal Ersi's beauty. Ersi's world becomes the reader's own world, when the reader has come to a full appreciation of her character.

Ersi is a humane work, full of elevation of the soul, and it reflects Drosinis' happiest moment in prosewriting; the author is fully matured with experience in life and in his art; the language is a fine and effective demotic. **Ersi** is Drosinis' prose masterpiece because of its topic and execution as well as its excellent language.

Like **Amaryllis, Ersi** filled many a reader with enthusiasm and not a few girls were named for its heroine too.

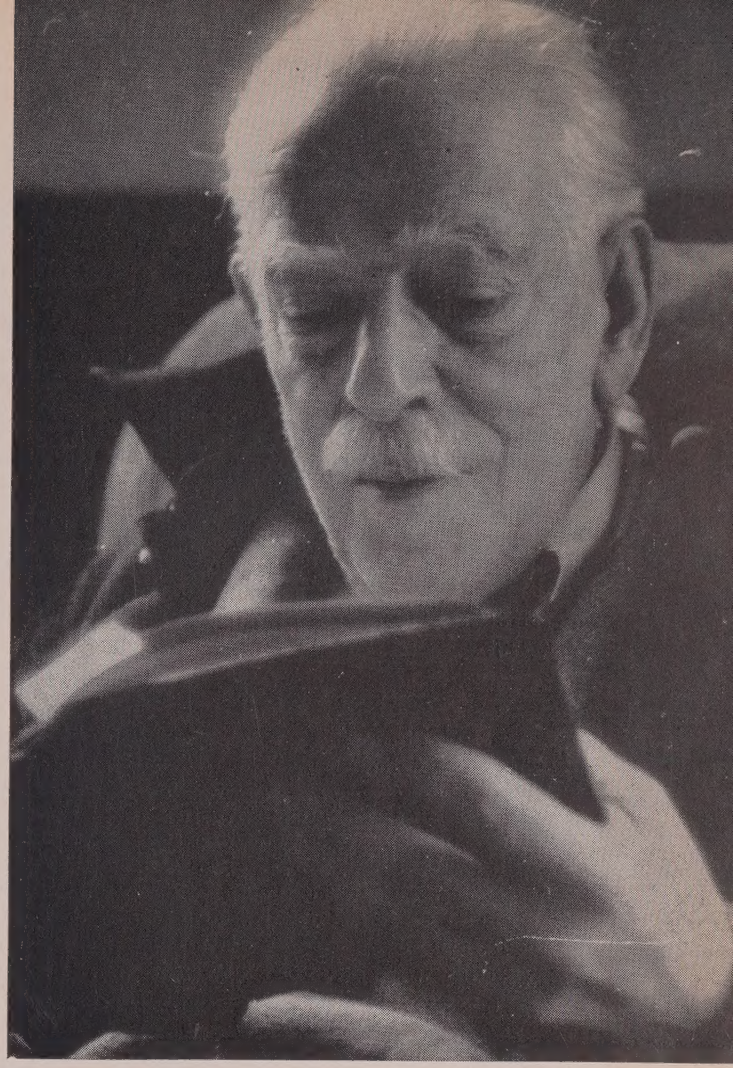
The story "The Ugly Girl" has already been mentioned. **(Athene** vol. 13, No. 3, 24b f.).

Drosinis' last story "Mutely" (**HME** 1923, pp. 252-258) is a little masterpiece, analogous to Palamas' "Death of the Young Man" but still shorter; the actual story takes less than three pages. It is an artistic rendering of a real, true story, based on John Valaoritis' narration to the poet on the former's cutter "Sappho". In a few words it is like this: A field watchman in Madouri with unbelievable devotion, devotion even after death, to his lady of the same age, that is to Valaoritis' sister, dies at the tomb of the dead lady.

Drosinis' **Literary Memoirs** were to take two volumes, the first of which appeared in 1940. Fifty-two installments of the second appeared before his death in the Athenian newspaper **Ta Nea** in December of 1948 and January-February of 1949, "What Has Not Disappeared from My Memory: Sixty Years of Greek Life." Here follows a meagre sketch of its contents:

The poet tells of events of his own life in connection with that of his immediate relatives, such as his mother (+1911), his two brothers, Kostas who died as a cadet in 1891, and Stratos, whom the poet also survived, his sister, his aunt, his oldest daughter in Venice who often visited him, his niece Dimitra; he likewise speaks of colleagues, coworkers, friends, and acquaintances. His life in Athens, Gouves, Scopelos, at Chorefto (Piiio), Linaria (Scyros), Kifisia, Skala in Oropos is mentioned or described and expounded. The otherwise healthy poet suffered from a serious illness in 1938 which was finally overcome but effected the weakness of his legs which explains his being sedentary for the rest of his life. His life in Oropos and Kifisia is described at greater length; in Skala the poet's brother built a fine little villa (1931-32) which they named "Calm" from the poetic collection of the same name; but the house was ruined by the earthquake on July 19, 1938, was rebuilt in 1939, and fell into the hands of the German and Italian occupation contingent. The life in Oropos inspired him to compose parts of his collection "Departed Swallows" (TA NEA January 29, 1949). The stimuli for many of his poems are revealed; thus many of them were conceived on the Acropolis and written in a little café below, south of the Acropolis. On occasion poems or parts of poems are reproduced with the explanation of their background and some unpublished ones are given for the first time. Other details of his activities are disclosed; so, e.g., his persistent efforts for the realization of the first Olympic games (1896) from the columns of his newspaper ESTIA (cf. also Margaris, NEA ESTIA 46.12). Literary men, artists, scholars and others are mentioned as involved in the poet's life, poetic creation, and activities, so Souris, Polemis, Damveryis, Kambouroglous, Palamas, Nikos Kambas (1857-1932), Papadiamandis, Moraitidis, N. Politis, Kostas Manos, Spyros Matsoukas; George Sotiriadis, D. Loukopoulos, Philip Georgandas, K. Kourouniotis, John Psichari, Renan, Chenier (and his Greek mother), Demetrios Aeginitis, the musician George Nazos and his wife, the painter D. Biskinis and his wife, the sculptors D. Dimitriadis, M. Tombros, the physicians K. Mermingas, A. Doxiadis, John Politis, and others. The poet shows through his life his democratic ideas too. Very impressive is the enumeration and description of innumerable souvenirs; objects of art, most gifts of friends, and books, all of them filling the poet's room in the family's villa at Kifisia (TA NEA December 22-25, 1948). His private library containing rare editions of classical Greek authors and European literature, and a complete collection of modern Greek literature the poet donated to the Association for Dissemination of Useful Books (cf. also Margaris, NEA ESTIA 46. 1239).

The **Memoirs** are a document giving testimony about a whole period of modern Greek literature and culture. Drosinis, the last representative of his generation, gives us therein an utterly sincere and faithful picture of himself and his time. His language is fine and the style pleasing and exciting.



The Poet George Drosinis, Whose Prose Works are Reviewed in this Issue by Prof. D. Georgacas

4. LANGUAGE

When John Psichari's manifesto **My Journey** burst upon the literary scene in 1888, Drosinis, who had already published poems, his **Spider's Webs** (1880) and **Idylls** (1884), in the demotic, saw the light and abandoned the puristic language for good. However, being of no militant temperament, he did not become an enlisted follower; he remained independent. Yet, as editor of the literary Estia, he accepted for publication Psichari's "Jealousy" and texts of other demoticists. Drosinis was also in language the first realist, the first reformist (T. Agras, **Nea Estia** 16.681).

The general trend in the 1880's was to write poetry in the new language but not prose. The first prose books of Drosinis were written in the katharevousa and Drosinis' katharevousa is beautiful, to the extent an artificial language can be so; Drosinis was one of the good katharevousa writers. The dialogue of the country people in his stories is, however, in the demotic.

When he realized that prose too should be written in the demotic, avoiding the recipe of Psi-

chari, he adhered to the language spoken in Athens, which was rising to a new common language. It is therefore significant what George Hatzidakis, professor of linguistics, who did not look with sympathy upon modern Greek literature, once said about Drosinis' language: If two or three literary works would be written in such a demotic language as Drosinis' **Ersi,** the language question in modern Greece will be solved. More than a quarter of a century since 1922, when **Ersi** appeared, we are today in a position to say that tens of good prose works have appeared in the new literary modern Greek and the language problem has in its largest part been solved.

Drosinis' demotic language is uniform; his poetic language abounds in picturesque epithets and he uses many compounds coined by himself. His poetic translations too are artistic in the use of the new language.

5. LITERARY ART

George Drosinis' work was the constant daily action of the administrator and the active man. By this work in the Ministry of Education, his cooperation in the Association for Dissemination of Useful Books, and the various periodicals he founded and directed, and also through his poetry and prose he contributed to modern Greek education. He developed manifold abilities and consumed them with devotion in works of intellectual and artistic raising of the Greek people.

All his works are drawn from reality. Sources of his prose and poetry are Greek nature, life and folk tradition. His imagination worked on what he had actually observed in nature and life; almost nothing in his work is purely imaginary. Almost everything out of which he makes a topic of his literary art, a person, a picture, a description, is based on his personal observation of nature and life in Athens, in Gouves, in Pilio, in Oropos, or elsewhere.

In prose he is an excellent narrator. Some of his prosewritings, such as **Ersi, The Herb of Love, Mutely,** are illustrious ornaments of modern Greek prose.

Essential influence of Heine on Drosinis' poetry which various writers maintain they find in his poetry is denied (cf. S. Skpis, **Nea Estia** 50.1355). The influence of French and German poets on Drosinis was there in the beginning but was lost later. Drosinis' poetry is Greek; his work breathes the fragrance of Greece. He was one of those who first focused attention on, and really studied, Slomos' poetry. Drosinis presents sentiment with brightness, with lively descriptions and content. His verse is, indeed, easy and fluent; he sings of life; he nowhere displays grandiloquent poetic phosphorescence; his tone is restrained by modest good taste. The originals of his symbols derive from nature or art. Any theme flows from a real impression, from a true event, from a personal observation. His verse is something positive, because it is full of experience of the world around the poet (cf. R. Golfis, **ibid.** 1340).

The poet, even if one considers only his life as depicted above, is nature loving par excellence, a genuine nature lover. It is not surprising, therefore, that nature possesses a special place in his poetry; his work is imbued with love of nature and inspired by nature. Very many of his poems sing of the beauties of Greek nature, outdoor life, the mountains, the sea; they are true paintings of Greek nature and life. Such poems became very popular. One may say that Drosinis is perhaps the main nature-loving poet of Greece; he doubtless was one of the first to introduce Greek life and Greek nature into modern Greek literature.

To communicate to us his emotion in a lively way or to indicate his mood he has one tool and symbol: **description.** His pictures have simplicity and charm. He pays attention to the beauty of things but preserves the Greek plastic clarity and the solid contact with his fellow-man. But Drosinis' description is not his goal. He is the poet of brevity, even in his description, and has artistic form.

Another poetic virtue that occurs often in Drosinis' poetry is the revelation of the whole soul of the artist.

Drosinis is above all a poet of the idyllic life. Lyric mood and inspiration existed in Drosinis. His lyricism always revolved in themes of Greek nature, life, and soul. Diffuse lyricism charms, inspires, and brings to the soul the paradise of calmness and often brings tears to the eyes; he thus succeeded as few in Greece in communicating incessantly mentally with the most gentle chords of the soul of his people. His mature poetry collections display serious and replete inspiration which deals with higher topics without sacrificing anything of the grace of form. He appears philosophizing in his **Luminous Darknesses** and **Closed Eyelids,** though he does not express a formed philosophy.

He widened Greek lyricism towards the individual and the nation. Expressions of daily life are elevated to poetry, commonest events are transformed into symbols, sentiments of the average man take on a high meaning. He worked with care and wisdom with the treasure of folk tradition (language, versification, national history).

Drosinis' poetic merit may be illustrated also by the fact that poems of his have been very popular (so "The Almond Tree," "Come, You Little Girl, Come," "Greek Earth"), some even being held as folksongs. For example, three distichs were published in collections of folksongs by folklorists (as Cyprian in **Laographia** 5.586: as from Sozopolis, **ibid.** 879; as Cretan in Kriaris, **Cretan Songs** 456; cf. Drosinis, **The Most Beautiful Demotic Distichs,** pp. d-e). Some of his poems include condensed observations like gnomic sayings, e.g. one of the seven six-line stanzas of the poem "Daphnis and Chloe" (**Evening Will Be Falling,** p. 32). Drosinis is a gnomic poet.

On the rhythmical forms of Drosinis' verse there cannot be a detailed discussion in this general survey designed for the American reader. In general, he cultivated many metrical types (trochees, dactyls, iambs, anapaests, the amphibrachys, free verse, the fifteen-syllable line renovated) and imposed two metrical patterns of his own, his suppositious iambic fourteen-syllable line and his suppositious twelve-syllable line. His metrical pattern of the rhythms is intensive everywhere (cf. T. Agras, **Nea Estia** 16.735 f.).

His ideas, often easy to understand, and his poetry, one of simple notions and of a plain and symmetric expression, make Drosinis even in his most lyric exaltations remain a poet of the palpable and perceptible. He is, therefore, bound to vibrate the people's soul with greater resonance. As a result he was much loved by the people and his figure became a symbol. Regardless of his popularity there are about thirty pages of Drosinis' poetry which include the sweetest poetic creation in modern Greek, says Skipis **(Nea Estia,** 50.1334b). Finally, it must be stated that Drosinis' poetry also influenced modern Greek poetry in the end of the 19th century and the beginning of the 20th, so Miltiades Malakasis, George Athanas, Stelios Sperandzas, Tellos Agras, and others **(ibid.** 1333a).

One of the modern writers and critics characterizes Drosinis as a "useful" poet and his work as "useful poetry" (I. M. Panayotopoulos, **Nea Estia** 50.1355 f.), while according to another the largest part of Drosinis' verse "certainly today has no longer the power of moving us poetically; it is useful only for the schools". (A. Karandonis, **ibid.** 1361a). One wonders whether the school should teach second-rate, obsolete, cold materials to the Greek youngsters or whether that which is comprehensible, easy to understand can in no way be good or great art; I do not know but that such pronouncements show a certain grade of superficiality. Dimaras **(History** 2.141), who says that Drosinis "has no imagination" might have more cautiously said "not the imagination of Palamas". Had Drosinis really no imagination, he would not have been a poet, for a poet deserving the name is imaginative; and Drosinis is a poet and had his own imagination.

Drosinis, a very modest poet and one who never dealt with literary criticism as did Palamas and Xenopoulos too, never defended his poetry; his modesty is also otherwise well known (cf. an eight-line poem that begins thus: "Neither the shouts of joy for the victory | nor the intoxication of glory | . . .").

Palamas and Drosinis had a common start (in 1878), remained lifelong friends (for about sixty years), and each one recognized the poetic merit of the other. Drosinis accepted Palamas as a poet superior to himself. After Palamas accompanied his collection **Pendasyllavi** as a gift to his colleague with a metrical salutation as dedication (May 30, 1925; see K. Palamas, **Verses Mild and Harsh,** Chicago 1928, p. 246), Drosinis answered it (September 12, 1928) with a poem which resembles the compositions of the ancient painters; in this the two poets are artfully depicted, but the autographic part is more carefully expressed (see the poem in **Departed Swallows** p.7). It is the poet's great power to depict with such deep sincerity the delicate situation of the difference which separates the two. Those sixteen lines of Drosinis, while not lacking a great poetic flame, constitute a moving declaration of self-knowledge which is a rare feature of greatness.

Several Greek literary men were candidates for the Nobel Prize, so Palamas, Drosinis, Xenopoulos, Sikelianos, Kazandzakis, yet none was a winner of it; however, Drosinis' attitude is very characteristic of his greatness when he, having heard of his candidacy submitted by the Academy of Athens and the University of Athens, said, "The greatest Nobel for me is to know that a couple of sweethearts with their heads bent over together read verses of mine."

Drosinis is not influenced by the crosscurrents of new ideas, as Palamas is. Drosinis is not of the stature of Kostis Palamas, and Drosinis himself admits that he is not. He does not have Palamas' poetic manysidedness and loftiness but is rather conservative; yet Drosinis created a series of excellent, inspiring poems and covers with his poetic work well over sixty years of the intellectual and artistic evolution of the young nation; in this tradition he is considered a high point. As Dionysios Solomos and Kostis Palamas, so also George Drosinis is a **national poet** and, furthermore, his work is better known to the Greek people than that of the other two.

NOTE. — A few items and corrections to the first part of this article in **Athene** 13 (1952) 23-30 may be entered here:

24a. Palamas loved nature, especially the sea; e.g. he was fascinated with his summer vacation at Edipso and at seeing Pilio. But his nature love remained theoretical. See Ch. Yanoulopoulos, Love of Nature in Palamas, Athens 1952 (52 pages).

25a. Objective facts about the separation of Drosinis and his wife are unknown. It is said that Mrs. Drosinis followed Mr. Topalis, a wealthy man from Volos, to Switzerland, where she later took also her three children, and lived in Lausanne; a divorce was sought by neither. Her children are: Constantine Drosinis a businessman, in Paris; Mrs. Angeline Cortini in Rome (their first child); Mrs. Lily de Planta in Lausanne.

Drosinis bequeathed the whole of his private library consisting of 4127 volumes as well as the rights of publication of his books to the Association for Dissemination of Useful Books.

25b. Drosinis tried himself before 1878 in a collection of poems with the title **Aktines** (Rays), verses in fifteen-syllable lines and in an elaborate katharevousa, but he never published it, as he tells us **(Memoirs** 1.136).

26a. The program of the periodical **Ethniki Agoyi,** far from political, was to shape the new Greek generation so that it become more active and able than the preceding ones.

In 1921 he went to Paris in the summer.

Successor of Drosinis in the directorship of Letters and Fine Arts in the Ministry of Education was the poet John Gryparis. Most of the legislative work in the Ministry of Education was caused by Drosinis when he was active there.

In 1909 Drosinis created the constitution of the Sevastopoulos (not Sivitanidis) Vocational School (located at Ambelokipi district), which functioned 1909-1913; it is operated now as a day and night school of engineering, electricians, radio-electricians, carpenters, etc. Sevastopoulos bequeathed a sum of 300,000 dr. for this purpose. Drosinis frequently spent his Sundays (1911-1925) in this school in the three rooms at his disposal in the company of intellectuals and artists.

In 1926 Drosinis was appointed Secretary of Publications of the Academy of Athens and served in this capacity through the end of 1928. On his 85th birthday in 1945 he received a citation of the Academy of Athens in which his services as a member of the Academy to it are recognized.

27b. Nicolaos Politis' **Modern Greek Mythology,** volumes 1 and 2, 1871, 1874.

30b. Drosinis admired and loved Miss Fotini Evlambios; he used to call her "the immortal Fifi."

6. BIBLIOGRAPHY

Abbreviations (used in the text above and in this bibliography):
Estia—the magazine "Estia"
History—History of Modern Greek Literature
HME—Imeroloyion Megalis Ellados
Kominis—s. Bibliography I, No. 16
Memoirs—Scattered Leaves of My Life.

(Continued on Page 39)

GREEK THEATRE IN ITALY

(Above) "Oedipus" of Sophocles at the Greek Theatre at Syracuse.
(Below) The "Trojan Women" of Euripides also at Syracuse.

LITERATURE

The Unresolved Past

By KAY CICELLIS

THERE is no clearly-marked frontier between the older and the new Greek writers. The writers who are today in their twenties have not repudiated the pre-war group; they still read Kavafy, Sikelianos, Seferis, admire them, sometimes imitate them; and they have inherited most of their discoveries. Yet their relationship to the older writers is certainly not that of disciple-teacher. In everyday life they mix quite frequently—at the favourite cafe, in a painter's studio, backstage at the rehearsal of a new play: yet always the elder writer is accepted in the younger group as merely a passing guest; and though he may be the centre of an admiring audience, somehow he never becomes the leading-man. The electrified atmosphere of their long discussions does not emanate from him, but from the others grouped around him. They make the intensely-lit stage where you feel the play of the post-war age will take place.

But who are these others? Hundreds, perhaps, but one cannot point them out. What have they done? A little tentative writing, and a long war. I first met them some time after the war. It was a group of ten or fifteen young people who always went about together and only separated to get some sleep. The group consisted not just of poets and writers; there were painters, musicians, dancers. This diversity of interests did not affect their unity; on the contrary. For instance, the poets were far more interested in the latest ballet music composed by their friends than in their own and other people's writing, just as the painters were interested in the writers' theories on poetry and so on, in a constant intermingling; and so together they managed to make an idiom of their own. I think it was this general interest, this equal participation in a sort of common artistic fund that welded them all so securely into a group—so that even now I cannot think of them separately; I remember them as one symbolic nameless person, representing a generation.

When I first met them in 1947, I had not been in Athens long. I had spent all the war-years on an island in the Ionian sea. So they were completely new to me. But even when I got to know the group better, they continued to bewilder me. It was not merely their eccentricity and extravagance; that I could recognise as an imitation, rather larger than life, of the Parisian Rive Gauche—it was only the setting, part of the furnishings of the cafe they used as their headquarters, as any other artistic clique in any other capital. But when they left the cafe, they did not go home. They walked the streets restlessly until the night ended, stopping at a corner, sitting on the pavement. Sometimes they would jump on a stone step and send out some incomprehensible signal, some rallying-cry; their talk would be punctuated by secret references to some strange story I did not know. Sometimes I felt like shaking them and shouting: 'What is the matter with you all, what is this madness?'

In the end I tried to convince myself that it was just restlessness, disillusion from the war. It was the same in several other countries. What could one expect? But it was not only that. There was something else: regret. It may seem strange, inhuman, to connect war with regret. But there lay the secret: that was why they still sent out those war-cries in the empty streets at night, even though they were without meaning now, even though no one answered them. There were memories they could not renounce. And I had not understood at first, because I did not share those war-memories. In the island of the Ionian I had only heard of the war indirectly, as a simple unequivocal message of horror and destruction. But here, they had known another story.

There had been a collective outbreak of recklessness; as if a sigh had been heaved, and then the lungs filled again to send out a cry of exhilaration across the land. Everywhere people began doing things one had never expected them capable of. There were miracles in everyone's life—what one calls 'supreme moments'; everything became possible. Boys ran away from home leaving a note, and went in search of the secret bands living in the mountains. Students abandoned careers and were off too. It was not merely a romantic game of heroics. It was an obscure feeling that now at last they would find their other lost self. The other self left behind at Marathon, Thermopylae, in India with Alexander, in Byzantium with Belisarius. The self which had been given new life during the 1821 War of Independence—and which was finally suppressed when the Greeks were jerked back into their own land, and had to begin living a normal life like other people.

It is strange that the Greeks, who usually have such a strong sense of the real and tangible, should be at a loss when it came to handling such a real and tangible thing as a country of their own. Enclosed in their new geographical frontiers, they moved clumsily and heavily, finding it far more difficult to live with this concrete reality than with the purely spiritual conception of Greece which had sustained them during the four centuries of Turkish rule. Their country, once restored and brought so close to them, ceased to be as clearly visible; it ceased to represent them as completely; it was no longer the ideal mode of expression. And so, when danger and battle came again in 1940, it was as if a barrier fell around them. The two halves were re-united. The spiritual conception of Greece, with its tradition, legends and intense glamour, and the new conception of Greece as a political entity in the modern world, were at last allowed to come together. At last the Greeks had a real justification for living the past again, without being accused of neglecting present-day realities for the sake of a morbid nostalgia.

That is what made the war, with all its suffering, such an unforgettable experience for all Greeks, especially the young, especially the writers. For many of

the older writers, it summed up what they had been trying to say before and provided them with valuable material, perfect symbols. For the younger ones, it was even more significant: it summed up, suddenly and completely, what they had not had time to become aware of in themselves, and took the place of the masterpiece they might have written. When the heroic adventure ended there was nothing left to say. I do not like using the word heroic. Yet I have to use it, because no other word will serve to describe this most characteristic element in Greek literature. This heroic element can be found in the very first literary utterances. In Homer, of course; then in the long epic cycles of Byzantium and of sixteenth-century Crete; in the folk-songs that prepared the War of Independence. The essence of heroism in these poems is far more than a series of heroic actions; it is an attitude to life in itself; an all-pervading atmosphere, which determines the nature of all the characters in the poem, as well as animals, trees, the whole landscape; these are there for the sole purpose of fashioning the particular world in which the Hero will move.

Battle, revenge, wooing, are the themes through which the heroic spirit is usually conveyed. But it is in the Hero's attitude to death that one really comes to know him. Then he ceases to be a mere legendary figure, and suddenly becomes the absolute representative of his race. With roots deep in the temporal world, with a passionate love of life, the Hero is terribly conscious of his mortality. This knowledge is unsweetened by any religious hope or metaphysical promise. He knows he is helpless, and accepts the final blow though he does not understand, but not without giving a last challenge, magnificently futile:

This earth must soon our bodies eat,
Stamp it then with dancing feet.

These lines from a folk-song for dancing warriors were written perhaps centuries ago; yet one can trace echoes of that challenging spirit in many writers of this century, both before and since the war. In Kazandzakis, for instance, one of the older writers, best known perhaps as the author of a new version of the Odyssey. There is another book of his, the Askitiki, where he sets out his own philosophy; and there one finds again that deep, final consciousness of mortality: 'Be prepared at any moment to take leave of the world about you. Fix your eyes slowly and passively on each thing you see and say to yourself: "Never Again" '. And also the challenge turning to a kind of stoicism: 'I recongnise these frontiers of the mind, I accept them with submission, courage and love, and within these limits I carry on my struggle as if I were free'.

But it is in a long poem called 'The Lost Lieutenant of Albania', written in 1941 by Odysseus Elytis, that the picture of heroic death is given most complete. It is a straightforward lament and hymn for a young lieutenant killed in action on the Albanian front:

Beneath the five cedars
No other candle for him
He lies now upon his charred greatcoat,
His helmet is empty, the life-blood clotted,
At his side lies an unfinished arm,
And between his brows a small and bitter well, the fingerprint of fate,
A small and bitter well, dark red,
Where memory turns to ice.

But suddenly—there is a turning point: it brings the assurance that the Hero will not remain imprisoned in mortality. The 'Lost Lieutenant' rises and:

With the morning in his step he climbs through the growing grass,
Bright and solitary, so steeped in light,
That his heart seems to break through

Even as the true Olympus breaks through the clouds . . .

The joy is not for the promise of a resurrection, but for the beauty of the challenge, the completion of the feat; it reasserts that pagan love of life through the simple and absolute acceptance of death—the same process, in reverse, of the folk-songs, where consciousness of death emerged from pagan love of life. And it was precisely during the war-period that the Greeks stood at last on the balancing point where death and life, as well as past and present, were completely reconciled. It was the whole story. Then it all ended. And there they were left, stranded in a strange predicament.

Once again, as after the War of Independence, they were thrown back into their own country, in which patient, ordinary work had to be accomplished. A day-to-day work, without myths or banners. Clearing of wreckage, reconstruction. Most of them were unable to face it. The difference of emotional level was too great. But cut off from strong emotion, they could not 'recollect emotion in tranquillity' either; the material of the last five years was so much more than memories.

So when writers do write about the war today, they simply relate isolated events—stories of captivity and battle. But here objectivity, which is sometimes the only way of expression when one has something difficult or dangerous to say, fails to evoke the real story. The real story remains untouched behind these narratives. That is why the best writers, admitting their inability, perfer to say nothing at all about it. They move away from this vital zone, and scatter to more distant regions. The region of childhood, for instance.

Books on childhood had also been written before the war; running parallel with the heroic element, Greek writers have always had a marked lyrical and subjective tendency. But though the subject may be the same today, the focus is different. Before, childhood was the usual lost Paradise of Innocence, the golden age of youth. Now it serves as a substitute for another more recent golden age writers cannot talk about, and I think this is what gives these books a startling poignancy at times. It might also explain why the first great book about childhood, Eroica, by Cosmas Politis, though written before the war, found such an enthusiastic public among the young during and after the war. It is the story of a band of boys in bright tin-helmets, who for a few short miraculous weeks managed to live the perfect adventure, ending in death, and somehow it expressed the real story far better than the straightforward war-chronicles. It was the book in which the lyrical and heroic elements were most perfectly blended.

(Continued on Page 33)

(Left) A quaint little church in the old Athens quarter known as the "St. Nicholas of the Ranghaves Family".

(Below) A fascinating view of the Lycabettus in Athens

When Zeus from above and Poseidon from under the sea shook and crushed the Ionian Islands by earthquake recently, this crucifix was found in the ruins, symbolic of the unprecedented desolation.

●

John Mavrogordato

THE LOWER WORLD

(Translated from Greek Folk Songs)

1

Carry me up to the Cold Spring
Where the trees stand in a ring;
Lay me on green branches. A tomb
Build me there; let there be room
For all my arms, and for this spear.
Let there be a window near
To let in the morning light
And the chill breath of the night;
In and out the birds can fly,
And pretty girls be passing by.

2

Now they have locked you down,
Daughter, in Forgetful Town;
All who go in there receive
Keys to go in, but not to leave.
In and out and first and last
They bolt up fierce and bar up fast.
There no mother speaks a word
And no daughter's voice is heard.
There great and small
Are level with us all;
And all the houses there are dark
And cobwebs hang from every wall.

3

Down in the darkness of the earth
Down in the World Below,
The girls and boys are all in tears:
Why are they weeping so?
They wonder if the sky's still there,
The World Above, with churches painted gold
And looms with shuttles going to and fro
To weave away the cold.

4

It was a fair maid met me
On the three steps of Hell;
I thought, when she stood,
She would ask me to tell
If I knew anything
About her dear mother,
Her father, her cousins,
Her sister or her brother.
But she would only ask me
If the sky is still there;
And do they still get married
In the Upper Air?

5

Down in the dark you go, where no cock crows,
No hens, no water there, and no grass grows;
Nothing to drink, my daughter, or to eat;
And when you want to rest, sleep is not sweet.

6

Weep, eyes, and weep a stream to flow
And flood into the World Below;
Wet all that's dry, let thirsty drink,
Let clerks put water in their ink
And write how lovers' love is lost,
Who drink the river they have crossed,
Drink and forget their homes above,
Forget their lonely children's love.

7

O tell me, my true-love, how Death has received you?
—"Clasped in my arms against my brest he lies,
And when he is hungry he eats of my body,
When he is thirsty drinks from my two eyes".

8

O happy hills and fields death never know,
In summer bright with sheep, in winter white with snow.
Three knights in Hell's Mouth were minding to escape
In spring and in summer and when autumn fills the grape.
A fair maid crosses her hands in prayer:
"Take me with you to the World Up There".
"We cannot take you and your gown flapping
And your cork-heeled shoes clapping,
And with your flashing hair, my dear,
We cannot take you; Death will hear".
"I will put off my silk attire,
My cork-heeled shoes I will throw on the fire,
And I will tie up my bright hair.
Take me with you to the World Up There.
Let me see my mother, she must grieve and greet".
—"Your mother is talking in the street".
"Let me see my father; he must grieve and pine".
—"He is in the tavern drinking his wine",
"Let me see my brothers; they grieve and they groan",
—"They are in the playing fields, putting the stone".
"Let me see my cousins; they grieve for me sore".
—"Your cousins are dancing on the dancing floor"

9

Little tree, apple tree, high on the wall,
I'm longing for apples and fearing a fall.
Come by the path and there's nothing to fear—
I went by the pathway. A chapel was near.
There I saw forty graves, cousins and brothers.
One little grave was away from the others,
Alone in the dark, and I trod on the head.
It groaned, and it moaned, and it sighed, and I said:
"Why do you sigh, tell me, why do you moan?
Is the earth heavy on you, or the gravestone?"
—"Why am I sighing, and why am I sad?
Wasn't I young as you, my pretty lad?
Didn't I walk under the moonshiny sky?
Now you tread on my head—why do I sigh?"

●

TWO POEMS

by Sifis G. Kollias

(Tr. by D. MICHALAROS)

(Mr. Sifis G. Kollias is the author of four verse collections entitled "God's Way In Acrocorinth", "Moments of Salvation", "In the Path of the Nazarene" and "A Night at Gesthemane". All four contain poetry mostly of a religious nature, and have won the praise of reviewers in Athens and elsewhere. ATHENE will bring more of Mr. Kollias' work in subsequent editions).

EASTER

Easter light flooded the earth
As Resurrection the Logos ennobled;
The human soul fluttered with joy
And like a swift bird winged its way
Into the glen of life . . .
I thank thee O Redeemer and Creator!

Though Hate and Delusion would not die yet,
The Big Lie did confess the Truth!
Redemption, the Contest, Faith and Joy
Filled our heart with holy light!

Receive me in Thy Easter, O Lord!
I who had been a sinner, an apostate,
That I may shed tears of joy at Thy feet;
This favor I ask of Thee, I an "Agarene"
Only this, O Bridegroom, let it be my last!

CHRONOS

Distaff of Fate that softly fills life's interminable
Spindle from golden flax of yesterdays,
Memory's unswerving friend, — slow-treading
Companion — deliverer of souls that feel, —
Judge sordid, irrevocable of this "Today"
Passing the cup to every grieving soul,
In thy slow pace over fertile life, who..
But who, shall not taste thy cup of forgetfulness?

Procrustes of short-lived words or deeds of long renown
Lamp unquenchable shining on every tomb for aye,
Seal of ever-desired, ever-unending hope,
Bearer of the insufferable woe of Man,
Herald untiring of every expectation,
Thou! The first-born of grace Divine!

Time and the Word! Two hearts, powers twain,
Arena uncontainable, mark of the everlasting,
Mainspring of power, ever-inspiring, unquenchable,
Why dread the burial of a hopeful yesterday?

Time's giant hand all things sweeps away,
And cowardly audacity cringes on its knees;
The wine of meditation he lovingly gives
To every wretched soul, creatures of denial,
He, Chronos the all-leveller, Creator and God-

●

ON MARCH 25, 1821, BISHOP GERMANOS OF PATRAS BLESSED THE ARMS AND EMBLEM OF THE GREEK CHIEFTAINS MARKING THE BEGINNING OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION IN THE PELOPONNESUS.

NAPOLEON KALMER

A Short Story by PAUL NORD

. . . . By discovering a new world, Christopher Columbus has started really something. He was the first to discover this continent, but he was not, by any means, the last. Since Columbus' time, every traveler to America, as soon as he sets foot on its soil, starts on his self-imposed assignment of rediscovering it from scratch, on his own account, not trusting the great ocean-farer's, or anyone else's experience. When it comes to a Greek, this task is made easier in many ways. Every other Greek a Greek meets proves quite willing and prompt to put his own experience, acquired the hard way, at the disposal of his compatriot. He does that with a generosity and a "bonne grace" which is quite characteristic of the race, and what is more, no lucrative issue is involved.

I was not long in experiencing this after I was stranded on these shores. I have the material proof thereof in my pocket in the form of a theatre ticket for to-morrow's performance of a Greek play by the Greek-American author Mr. Aristodemos Poros.

It all happened this way. I was sitting here, where I am now putting it on paper, at my habitual place—when it has not been already taken by some other customer—at the right side, as you enter, of Chase Cafeteria, south west corner at Seventh Avenue, whence I can see a good section of 42nd Street and at the same time watch the electric letters of the New York Times flaming newstape, as they flash forth out of nowhere and tip-toe away to nowhere, while thinking of all the hours I am so pleasantly wasting. . . .

I was the only occupant of the table, enjoying the insecure privilege of sitting alone at a table for two, until the moment that a fellow man whom I was soon to know by his name and his aliases took the opposite seat, after he had placed his cup of coffee and his piece of Danish pastry on the table. He drew a pretty loud sip at his coffee, put the cup down in the saucer, cut a slice off his pastry, dunked it in the coffee, brought it to his mouth, flapping his lips in enjoyment, took a look at me, or rather through and beyond me as if my presence there was utterly immaterial, then he pulled out of his side pocket a newspaper which he unfolded ceremoniously, holding it high in front of himself, in order to read and at the same time sort of spy on me and size me up. It is only a matter of course that by now I knew the man across the table was a Greek—as only one Greek can spot another before he ever opened his mouth, or unfolded the Greek daily "Atlantis" before his eyes.

Speaking of eyes, the eye of the Greek opposite me caught mine and also the glimpse of understanding in it, as it registered the headlines on the paper.

"I see you can read **Greek**," the man said to me, in Greek. "Or maybe, it's Greek to you?" He added just in order to help me out into saying something and get the conversation under way. But he still didn't wait for an answer. "My name is Archimedes Kalomeros," he hastened to inform me. "What's yours?"

"Jimmy Vlachos."

"Call me Archie, Jimmy. Archie Kalmer, that's what they call me in English, for short. To save time that is. As though I had not enough time on my hands, all the time in the world! Kalmer!" He said, an expression of surprise in his face, you should have thought he was hearing the name for the first time in his life.

"That is me. Yes, sir. Kalmer! How are you, Mr. Kalmer? It was even longer than Kalomeros before. It was Kalomeropoulos, or Kalomerakis. Of course, being a Greek you know what Kalomeros means. . ."

"Yes, certainly, I know. . ."

"The way you say it, you don't seem to understand what I'm trying to tell you, Jimmy."

"I'm trying to understand, Archie. . ."

"Let me help you," my table-mate said benignly. "Kalomeros means "Bonaparte," in Italian. You get it?"

"Why, sure." Then as the thought had dawned on me, most happily. "You don't mean to say you are related to the Bonapartes of France! . . ."

"What France!" Archie Kalmer exclaimed, shocked at my presumption.

And without allowing me time to catch my breath:

"Have you never heard, man—and you dare call yourself a Greek. . ."

I might have interrupted him at this point and told him that I had never said to him I was a Greek and that it all had been his correct guessing, but I did nothing of the sort.

Archie Kalmer went on:

". . . that the great Napoleon was a descendant of the Kalomeroses of Magne, in Lakedaimon of Peloponnesus, Greece, who had fled the Turks and had settled down in Corsica? Have you never read the poem by Alexander Soutsos, who says so? Or don't you know either that Christopher Columbus was a Greek, and his name was Colombotsos, before he discovered America and had his name curtailed? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jimmy! You don't seem to be very old in this country. Otherwise you would know that all big men in America are Greeks. Mitropoulos is Greek, Toscaninis is Greek, Skouras is Greek, George Raftopoulos is Greek-they call Raft-Zacharias Kazan is Greek, Elias Scotakis, or Scott is Greek, I am Greek. . .So, you should be proud being a Greek, Jimmy, and not go around saying Bonaparte was French! If he was French, then I am French, too, coming from the same family! . . .But I am not. I am all Greek."

"All right, Archie. You convinced me. I am proud to be Greek and also your friend. . ."

"Attaboy, Jimmy! Now you're talking. By the way, I never saw you here before. Truth is I don't come here often myself. I don't quite like the place. Too many Greeks patronize it. Not that I don't like Greeks. You heard me say before how proud I am to be a Greek and made you feel so proud yourself. But there is one

thing wrong with Greeks. They talk too much. You'll say: Don't you, Archie, talk too much? Yes, I do, Jimmy. But you know why? If I didn't talk too much, you would!"

"I see. . ."

"See nothing. You know where is a good place to go? Chinamat, on Eighth Avenue. It's a Chinese cafeteria. The Chinese used to go there, but then some Greeks started patronizing the place, so the Chinamen stopped going there, and now the place is full of Greeks. But those Greeks are different. They are actors!"

I detected an undertone of pride in this last word.

"Are you an actor, Archie?"

"Yes, on the side. But I wash dishes for a living, Jimmy. And-you, what do you do?"

"I'm sitting here listening to you."

"You couldn't live on that, could you?"

"I could live without that."

"You can live without anything, if you ask me. You can even die from hunger. You see, Jimmy, you don't need anything in order to die from hunger, but you need a lot of things in order to eat. . ."

"Truer words were never spoken, Archie."

Archimedes Kalomeropoulos, curtailed to Kalomeros, and anglicized to Archie Kalmer, looked at me in a strange way as if he saw me for the first time, I mean really saw me. It was evident that he could not place me where I belonged, despite his knowledge of human nature. He now pretended he was going back to his coffee. He had started sipping it with so much pleasure, hot and fragrant as it was. . . .He also went back to the reading of his paper. But he was not fooling me. He was still trying to size me up and I might as well do the same concerning him. He was a short, skinny fellow, with hollow, deeply forrowed cheeks, two decidedly carved streaks running down them, a kind of double question mark, characteristic of the man's inquisitiveness, with a fairly conspicuous dimple right on his chin. It looked as a dot completing the twin question mark. His shirt was not quite clean and his jacket of light grey color had not been to the cleaners ever since it had been purchased.

"Do you know how to speak English?" Archie asked me after a while. His interest in what he was reading seemed to matter less than his curiosity to find out more about me. He lay the paper on the table, his elbow leaning on it.

"Not very well. I'm trying to learn some."

"You better. Otherwise, you won't get very far in this country."

"I have come a very long way, Archie, with Greek. It seems everybody in America, or at least, in New York, speaks Greek."

"That's true if you confine yourself to living around Eighth Avenue and the Forties, Jimmy. But if you venture a little farther, it'll be different. . ."

"I won't venture, I promise you—not before I learn how to speak good English."

Archie leaned back and took a serious air.

"How do you expect to learn English if you keep on talking Greek all the time?"

"You spoke in Greek to me, so I had to answer you in Greek."

Archie Kalmer remained silent for a few moments, looking as a man in the process of making up his mind. Was it worthwhile really taking so much interest and going into such trouble for a stranger? He would try out of the plenitude of his heart.

"O.K. then, Jimmy," he said. "I'll start talking English to you, so you get used to it!"

"So nice of you, Mister Kalmer!"

"Forget about that 'Mister' business, Jimmy. Always 'Archie' to you."

From that moment on, all conversation was in English. I had no difficulty at all with the language, since Archie gave me no chance to talk. As far as understanding his English was concerned, that would be harder for an American than it would for me. I'll try to reproduce his recital as faithfully as I can, before the echo of Archie's English fades out of my memory. It should go without saying that Archie Kalmer's English was not the English it was my ambition to speak some day. For the time being I resigned myself to the role of an attentive audience. Archie spoke only about himself, for once you get a thespian started on a spree of self indulgence, even a half-time actor, whose other half is taken up by dishwashing, you have only to sit back and relax-and enjoy the 'conversation.'

I asked Archie Kalmer how he managed to get on the stage, the Greek stage, that is, and also if he had ever tried to crash the Ameircan theatre.

"Who sez I try not?" Archie began explaining, at the same time giving me a first sample of what his American was to be like. "Sur'eenof I try harrd. But there'ees plen'y campetission-'stand?"

" 'stand."

"It ees truth, I could play a Grik on the America stage, like the America actor"-Archie actually said 'acter'-Chorch-for George-Gavotte play Griks. He callz 'imself 'The Grik Ambassader. . .' stand? That Chorch Gavotte ees an America acter who'z a shame for Griks. He ridiculz Griks. While we real Grik acters starve and dish washes, he makes money with Grik languich."

"Have you ever seen him perform, Archie?"

"Yes, sur'enof, I sees'im and hears 'im one time and get disgust. You kno' what he makes? Takes Grik words and fool aroun' with 'em. Says, f'r example. Penelopoulos was the father of Aphrodyssey and 'usband of Cleopatrasso and makes pe'ple laff with Griks. 'stand?"

Poor Archie was red in the face with sacred indignation. The dimple in his chin was pursing with excitement, like a couple of auxiliary lips. I couldn't help being amused, but I didn't show it.

"Yes, 'stand. But go on, Archie. . ."

"Well," Archie continued, "when I hears 'im spik like that, I go up on my feets and I leaves the theatre and I spits."

"You were right, Archie. You were damn right!" I agreed wholeheartedly.

Archie went on:

". . .when I spits, pe'ple in the theatre looks at me. But that mean nothin'. I spits and he gets the money, Chorch Gavotte, all the money that belong to Griks and Grik acters goes to the kitchen and dish washes. . ."

I ventured an interruption.

"You mean wash dishes."

"It ees the same thin'. They says it two ways. Washing dishes, dishing washes, 'stand me?"

He stopped for a moment, gathering his thoughts together.

"You know somethin', Jimmy? I been all over America, New York ees not all America. You go west, if you wants to see the true America. You sees me? I been everywheres. But to come back to Chorch Gavotte. He ees the perfec' 'sachlamaras', which Americanoi calls 'phoneys', very silly, if you ask me. Makes pe'ple laffin' with Methistocles and Periclyster and Sock Ratopoulo. But Americanos are ignoran's. Them donno much. They laffin' and laffin'. Next time I sees Chorch Gavotte play theatre I take Griks and I make pickets before the theatre. . ."

"It's the right thing to do, Archie."

"You betcha life it ees, Jimmy!"

"I'll be with you, Archie."

"Attaboy, Jimmy. I knew you are alright. Here, shake handz with me!"

We joined in shaking hands over the table.

"Well, Jimmy," Archie said, "if you wants to see one man who really know America, don't you go too far. Ask me. I been all over the Unite' States."

"You already told me."

"I knows. I been in Boston, I been in Philadelphia, in Florida, in Noo Arleanz, in Utaha, in California, everywheres. I dish washes, I dig mines, I been extras in Pitchas. . ."

"You mean 'pictures' " . .

"Pitchas they callz 'em. Yes, sir! I plaid with Doglass Fairbanks and Merry Bickforth and Norma Searer and with the Grik acter Gary Kouperos. Have you hear of John Fagas? 'e was a grik acter and 'e was very good. So, the American get jealous and they make 'im an alcoholikos."

"Where is he now?"

"In the cemetery. Dead. If he lived, he would show to the Americans what ees art, real arrrt!"

And so saying Archie Kalmer, besides rolling his r's and his eyes, he brought his right palm open on the table, making the cups dance in their saucers. We had, fortunately, emptied the contents by this time.

"It ees the languich, Jimmy. . ." Archie went on, putting his hands on the cups and bringing them to a rest. 'That ees the trouble with uz Griks. If we know the English languich well, we show the Americans what ees arrt. B'lieve me!"

"I do, Archie." I encouraged him.

"I don't spik of meself, Jimmy, Although, if you sees me play Napoleon on the stage, you says: Me God!"

I displayed amazement.

"Have you really played Napoleon, Archie?"

He looked at me haughtily. His eyes took a fierce look, that you would imagine they had once belonged to the great Bonaparte himself.

"And how! Well, let me tell you somethin'. When I plays Napoleon on the stage everybody' shut up. When the cortain raise, I am already on the stage. I stays there with one of my foots opon the rock of Staint Elena and with the other foots opon the Atlantic ocean, the one hands in my breast and the other hands holdin' the telescope and I stays there and looks to the public which ees like magnetized. So, I stays for five minutes, for ten minutes, for fiftin minutes, immobile, yes, sir, immobile and I holds my breath and pe'ple clapper with their hands and yell and whistel and hiss and screams: 'Attaboy, Archie! Don't you move! Stand there just like a statue.' And I stays there, and they clapper their hands. And I says to meself! 'Alright, fellers, break your bones and I stays immobile and see who is first tired.' And there ees another Grik dishawasher and he think ees an acter and he tellz one time he can play Gran' Napoleon, better than me and can stay immobile for the whole play! And one day I challenges 'im and we play together Napoleon. And pe'ple come to see and I come from one part of the stage and he come from the other part opposite. And we have same makeup and same costume and the same tricorn hat and we stays there with the one foots opon the rock of Saint Elena and the other foots opon the Atlantic ocean and pe'ple clapper their hands stiff and we donno who ees they applause, me or Karr. . ."

'Who is Karr?"

"The other Napoleon, Karabournazos, that ees his name in Grik. So, they clapper and clapper and we donno who they thinks ees the better Napoleon. Then comes the mother of Gran' Napoleon in the stage and she makes signs with her hands and tells pe'ple. "Quiet, everybody! Shar up, Ladies and Gentlemen!" And they stop makin' noise and listen. And she says: "I know that the two my boys are good Napoleons and good acters, see, sure. . . But who do you like better?" And she stops and she waits and they shout louder and whistel and beat their foots on the floor and it ees pandemonion. And we stand there immobile and my knees aches and my hand in my breast is dead and my hand holdin' the telescope is tired. And then I sees the telescope they give me ees very heavy and I hold it opon my eye and my eye ache and I am afraid I hort my eye. But I makes patience and says to meself: Vasta, Kalmer! Hold on, Kalomeros! Be a real Bonapartis! . . . And I thinks it ees the work of that son-of-a-gun Karabournazos who 's plaid me the dir'y trick and it ees good they give me the iron telescope to break his head with it. And the mother of Napoleon says: Wait a minute, pe'ple. We take a vote and the pe'ple who like Kalmer clapper first and then the pe'ple who like Karabournazos clapper second and we sees who you like better of the two. And so they do. And the pe'ple clapper and yell and whistel for me five minutes, ten minutes, fifin minutes and they stop exhausted. And then they do the same for Karabournazos and they clapper for two or three minutes and they stop. And I am the winner, but Karabournazos says it ees injostice, the pe'ple like 'im more and they did not clapper more for the reason they were tired, but they were much more than my fans, but my fans clappered longer. And it ees too much for me to take, and I gets mad and I falls opon the bastard and on hit 'im first, but I thinks fast and I lets 'im hit me first with his telescope, one, two, three, opon my head. But his telescope ees of cardboard and I says to meself: alright, let the pe'ple see 'im hit me and see I don' hit 'im, bue wait till I hits 'im only once! And the pe'ple laffin' and I raises my telescope and take a good blow to his

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Greeks on the Western Hemisphere

By THEODORE N. CONSTANT, PAUL KOKEN and SERAPHIM G. CANOUTAS

THE PROBLEM OF JUAN DE FUCA

(Continued from previous Issues)

(3) BANCROFT'S OPINION

I regard Fuca's voyage a fiction. Many intelligent writers, however, believe it to be in the main true; indeed, I think such has been the prevalent opinion in later years. Therefore, something of argument becomes necessary.

The story itself, in other than geographical aspects, is improbable. It is unlikely that Spain would have withheld reward from such a man as Fuca. She would naturally have utilized his services in the northern expeditions under Vizcaino; it is hardly credible to one acquainted with the spirit of the times that she could have trusted so implicitly in the relinquishment of the search by England; and least of all would she have permitted a pilot to carry such a grievance and such a secret to foreign parts. However, the fact that about this time men of his class were habitually telling falsehoods about the northern Strait, creates a probability that Fuca also spoke falsely. His temptation and opportunity were great. The English were eager to find the Strait; they suspected that the Spaniards had made and were concealing his discovery. Accidentally through Douglas, a congenial spirit, whether dupe or accomplice, the Greek pilot meets Micahel Lok. He need no longer rely on the old theories and rumors. To an Englishman he may safely claim to have made an actual discovery in government craft. Lok will credit the tale, because it agrees with the theories, desires and suspicions of himself and his class. Fuca's reward will be an ample one—satisfaction for pretended or exaggerated losses at the hands of an English corsair, honorable and profitable employment in English service, and the fame of discovering the long-sought strait, in the existence of which he, like others, had perfect confidence. There is reasonable presumption that the man under these circumstances reported a fictitious discovery, a presumption which nothing but evidence can overcome.

Historically no such evidence has been found. Nothing is known on the subject, except what Fuca told Lok. No later writer mentions either voyage or any other authority; and no contemporary writer mentions them at all. The Spanish archives, naturally the best source of information on government expeditions, have been pretty thoroughly examined for material relating to early northern voyages and special search has been made for documents on Fuca's reported expeditions. The search has been made by men who were competent and diligent, and under circumstances which would have been more likely prompt the production of supirous confirmation than the supression of real proofs. Not a word has been found bearing directly or indirectly on the subject. The loss of a document, it may be said, is not unusual. True, but is it conceivable that all the paper covered with ink in the inevitable Hispano-American style—of all that must have been written in fitting out five or six vessels for two distinct expeditions, in appointments and instructions of officials, in reports of failure and success, in judicial proceedings against the wicked captain, in Fuca's own memorials and appeals for reward—not one scrap shoud have come to light? But we are told that it was the policy of Spain to conceal all information that might give an advantage to foreign powers. Is she likely to have kept this secret so effectually that it could not be revealed when her own interests demanded it? But let us suppose such to have been the case, that all papers on the topic were collected in one expedience and destroyed, the difficulty is by no means removed. Spain could not silence all the members of both expeditions, else assuredly she would have found means to close Fuca's mouth. The Northern Mystery was a common topic of conversation among mariners. The Court was deluged with petitions from men who sought license for northern discovery, and who magnified every circumstance likely to give plausibility to their schemes. Why is that none mention Fuca, or any voyage of 1590-2? Could the prominent men advocating such expeditions have been kept in ignorance that the government they were importuning had already effected the discovery? Not only was the government importuned, but it actually sent out two expeditions in 1597 and 1602, the former while Fuca was corresponding with Lok. There is not, however, a single circumstance in what we know of Vizcaino's voyages to indicate that he knew of any preceding voyage; yet Padre Ascension, the chief, was voluminous writer and an enthusiastic theorist on matters pertaining to the North.

Thus the original presumption that Fuca's statement was false is strengthened into well nigh absolute certainty by a total absence of supporting testimony not to be reasonably accounted for on any other hypothesis. There remains but one possible source of tesetimony to shake this conclusion: and that is our present accurate knowledge of northwest coast geography. To suport his claim the Greek pilot must describe the physical features of the region in question more fully and accurately than would be possible without personal knowledge—more fully, indeed, than under ordinary circumstances he could be expected to do in a brief verbal narrative. Extraordinary statements demand a rigid test, and when all the props, but one, supporting a heavy weight have been knocked down, that one must be strong, indeed. Tolerably good guessing on Fuca's part will not suffice; nor on the part of investigators that lenient criticism which has led his supporters to say in substance: "Supposing him to have made the voyage, we find in the entrance to Puget Sound certain features that, with due allowance for the exaggeration, and confusion, and error common in such cases, may be made to fit his narrative; and admitting, therefore, that he discovered the strait,

we can account more or less satisfactorily for the loss or suppression of his original report".

Fuca claims to have entered a strait between 47° and 48° impliedly just above 47° and even to have sailed by the strait through to Atlantic; but there is no inlet within fifty miles of that Latitude. Ninety miles farther north, however, in Latitude 48°.30', there is a strait leading to the body of water which, under various names, separates Vancouver island from the mainland. I give herewith a map of the waters. Fuca's strait was thirty or forty leagues wide at the entrance; this one is twelve or twenty miles, according to the place and method of measurement. At the entrance on the northwestern shore Fuca noted "a great Hedland or Iland, with an exceeding high Pinacle, or spired Rocke, like a piller thereupon;" but nothing of the kind exists in the locality indicated. It is true that opposite, on the southern shore, about Cape Classet an the Tatouche Islands, are numerous detached rocks which the action of the waves has left in columnar and phantastic forms; rocks which are not uncommon on different parts of the coast. Some voyagers have found nothing here to correspond with Fuca's pillar; others have identified with that landmark one of the rocks alluded to; and Wilkes has furnished a sketch which I copy. Commander Phelps, on the contrary, has found the pillar several hundred miles farther north, on Galiano Island. Obviously nothing but a very prominent land mark—certainly not one of many and ordinary rocks on the wrong side of the strait—can suffice for the purpose of this investigation.

Fuca entered the strait and sailed in it for twenty days until he came to the Atlantic Ocean. This has to be "explained" by the theory that he sailed around the island, coming again to the Pacific in about 51°. A professional pilot cannot reasonably be supposed to have made such an error. As he advanced Fuca found the strait—one hundred miles wide at the entrance, to grow wider, impliedly throughout his navigation, but as a matter of fact, the channel narrows to a mile in width long before the outlet is reached. Fuca found the shores of the passage trending N. W., N. E., and S. E.,—that is, naturally he sailed those courses successively in his voyage to the Atlantic. The far-fetched "explanation" is, that from a point near the entrance is a large body of water stretching outward and eastward. He found the people clad in skins and passed divers islands—not very remarkable coincidence, nor requiring explanation. His statements that the land was "very fruitful, and rich of Gold, Silver, and Pearle" explain themselves.

We find, then, in geographical knowledge nothing to overcome the strong presumption that Fuca's tale is fiction; nothing to prove that he visited those regions; nothing that without "explanation" agrees with his description, even if his visit be admitted. Fuca was not even remarkably lucky in his guessing. If in the future any proof appears that Fuca made a voyage to the north-west coast and reported discovery of a strait, then a plausible theory may be set up that he reached the entrance in latitude 48° 30' and trusted his imagination for all within. No more can be said in his favor.

To begin with, Bancroft fails to present Fuca's story in its complete and accurate form as it is found in Purchas' book, **His Pilgrimes.** He omits to state that the English pilot, John Dowglass, who introduced Juan de Fuca to Michael Lok was a "famous mariner" and "well acquainted" with Lok before then. And he further omits to state that Lok had two long conferences with Fuca in the presence of Dowglass. He failed to intimate that the Greek pilot, an old and uneducated man, appeared before Lok, a highly educated traveler, ex-consul, ex-captain, writer, map designer, student of geography and cosmography, and particularly interested in the geographical discoveries of the time; and before Dowglass, a famous mariner in his own right. It is quite natural that these two Englishmen examined the Greek pilot thoroughly and put to him all kinds of pertinent questions during those two long conferences which they had with him to be convinced of his identity and of the veracity of his narrative. Fuca must have convinced these two well-known and highly respected Englishmen of his identity, his long service in the Spanish Navy, and his familiarity with voyages on the Pacific coast and elsewhere. It is well-nigh inconceivable for an uneducated old man, like Fuca, to give such a long story, allegedly false, and stand an examination by two highly educated men without being confused or being caught lying.

Bancroft also fails to state that Fuca wanted to return to the North-West coast for a perfect discovery - "for the discoverie perfectly" - because during his first voyage he was not armed to resist the force of the savage people that he might happen to meet there and whom he knew to exist. He also does not publish the letters exchanged between Lok and Fuca and to comment on them or on the various personages whom Lok mentions in his note. It is absurd and incredible that Michael Lok, who had also the opinion of John Dowglass, would dare to write to the Lord Treasurer in England, and to such persons as Sir Walter Raleigh, Richard Hakluyt and Samuel Purchas, recommending the Greek pilot, were he not absolutely convinced of Fuca's identity, veracity and ability.

It is ironic that while Bancroft does not question either the intelligence of good faith of Lok, he wants his readers to believe that Lok was deceived by Fuca. He also implies that Dowglass was a dupe or accomplice of Fuca. Bancroft knew that all writers recognize Lok as a highly educated person, intelligent and respectable. He was a friend of and contributor to the famous works of Hakluyt and Purchas and had translated for Hakluyt from Latin into English Aghyira's work. We find a map of North America published by Michael Lok in 1582 in the **Book of Old Maps** delineating American History from the earliest days (Harvard University Press, 1926) which shows that Lok was not an ordinary man to be easily deceived. He is recognized not only as intelligent, respectable and highly educated, but also as an authority during his time on matters relating to geographical discoveries in America. On the other hand, there is no doubt whatever that Dowglass was a famous mariner.

Despite the fact that Bancroft admits the perfectly good faith of Lok, and despite the fact that many other intelligent writers believe in the story of Juan de Fuca, and that such has been the prevalent opinion in later years, he undertakes to discredit Fuca's story as fictional. He begins with Fuca's claim of loss at the hands of

Cavendish, saying this is grossly exaggerated, if not unfounded. It is seriously doubted whether in his researches into Fuca's story Bancroft ever read the story of the capture of the ship, **Santa Anna,** as told by Cavendish himself. That the capture of **Santa Anna** took place in the year and at the place Juan de Fuca describes, is proved by the boasting statement of that English "gentleman" pirate. On his return to England where he was hailed as a hero second only to Drake, Cavendish himself describes his big achievement, or rather, the biggest achievement of his whole voyage. He says that his ships, **Desire** and **Content,** were anxiously waiting for **Santa Anna**, which was "one of the richest vessels that ever sailed on the seas", for a month. He tells about the "obstinate fight of six hours"; how many men he lost during the fight; how many persons his own crew killed and maimed among those captured and what treasure he got out of the captured ship and how it was divided. He also relates, regretting that he could not carry all of it to England to enrich hundreds of people, that he had to sink most of the "richest merchandise" into the sea.[1]

Bancroft says that Juan de Fuca expected an ample reward, honorable and profitable employment in the English service, and fame for discovering the long-sought strait. This was not an unreasonable demand or ambition. He had been in the Spanish service for forty years and, finding himself penniless, he was justly asking an indemnity from the Spanish government which he never received. After what Spain did to him, what else was there for him to do but want to go to England? He did not care for fame, nor did he realize at that time that there would be so many pretenders seeking the glory of his own discovery. What he wanted to do was to make a perfect discovery, not a new discovery.

The absurdity of Bancorft's argument is further illustrated by his statement that, because other persons of Fuca's class were telling lies, that fact created a probability that Fuca also lied about his discovery. Bancroft does not even give the old Greek pilot the benefit of the doubt. He further thinks that it is unlikely that Spain would have withheld a reward from such a man as Fuca or would have permitted him to carry such a grievance and such a secret to foreign parts. Yet, the history of those times is replete with just such examples. Many other explorers who were better known than Fuca, were cheated out of their just rewards; and many more had to seek an audience with foreign sovereigns and potentates — persons like Fenao da Magalphaes, John Cabot, and even Christopher Columbus. The spirit of the time was such that it was not considered dishonorable for courts to ignore a great explorer. The only alternative Fuca had was to appeal in this fashion to another court interested in new discoveries. And that is exactly what he did.

Furthermore, Bancroft thinks that the geographical description of the strait as made by Fuca does not agree with the facts as known then. He says that a professional pilot should have given a better description than that given by Fuca. Yet he forgot that even Columbus was mistaken. In describing the discovery of Cuba, one of his biographers says: "Martin Pinzon, the captain of the **Pinta**, understood this Cuba to be a city, and that land was the mainland, running far to the north. Columbus until he died believed that it was the mainland."[2] On the other hand, it is grossly unfair for Bancroft to compare the geographical knowledge of his time with that of four centuries ago. And it is unreasonable for any historian to expect a perfect and minute description from memory many years after the actual discovery and observation of the locality from an old and uneducated person like Juan de Fuca. Nevertheless, Fuca's description of the strait was well given under the circumstances, according to other well-known authorities referred to infra.

Bancroft dismisses Juan de Fuca's discovery with weak and unfair arguments; and it is very unfortunate that other writers took him as an authority without any independent research of their own on the matter.

5. Other Contrary Opinions

ELWOOD EVANS, in his **History of the Pacific Northwest** (1889), practically repeats Bancroft's arguments and dismisses Juan de Fuca's claim of the discovery of the strait in question. He says:

> In 1774, January 25, Lieutenant Juan Perez with Estevan Jose Martinez were sent by the viceroy of Mexico and discovered the Strait of Juan de Fuca. But through some unaccountable oversight the Spanish authorities for years concealed the results and lost the glory.[3]

This excerpt discloses two points of importance; that the strait in question was know already as Juan de Fuca when this alleged discovery by Perez and Martinez was made; and that the Spanish authorities were capable of concealing a discovery of that nature, contrary to Bancroft's known assertion to the contrary.

Then Evans continues: "To him (Berkley) belongs the honor of having ascertained the existence of the strait after wards named Juan de Fuca."[4] The truth of the matter is that the strait was not named afterwards but more than one hundred fifty years before. The name of the strait, Juan de Fuca, appeared on the map a generation before that time.[5] Further on, Evans says: "During the next winter (1787-8?) Captain Berkley communicated to Capt. Meares of Macao, that the outlet of the strait had been observed by him, but that he had not attempted an entrance or examination." If that was all Berkley did, what is there to make him the first discoverer of the strait?

Captain Berkley is alleged to have lost his log, but his wife, who was the first European woman to visit the Northwest coast, kept a diary, in which she wrote as follows:

> We arrived, a July day, 1787, off a large opening . . . which my husband immediately recognized as the long lost Strait of Juan de Fuca and to which he gave the name of the original discoverer my husband placing it on his chart.[6]

It is significant that Mrs. Berkley was an eyewitness of that expedition. She admits that her husband was not the original discoverer of the strait.

JUDGE HOWAY is another writer who disputes Juan de Fuca's discovery of the strait. In a long treatise published by the "Art, Historical and Scientific Association", Vancouver, B. C., 1917, entitled: "The Story of SAN Juan de Fuca", and in a later book entitled: **British Columbia, the Making of a Province** (1928),

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University of Athens Honors Greek King

Upon his return to Greece from America, where King Paul of Greece was enthusiastically received with his queen Fredericka and where he was honored by Columbia University with an honorary degree, the University of Athens conferred upon the Greek monarch the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. honoris causa. The impressive ceremonies took place in the university halls on February 25th, 1954, on which occasion the King made the following speech:

* * * *

I feel particularly moved as I stand on this University Rostrum which reflects a most brilliant cultural tradition, dating back to more than 25 centuries ago and ranging over three Greek Civilizations, the Classical, the Byzantine and the Modern.

I express warm thanks to the University of Athens for their formal recognition of my affection and of my efforts for my People.

I regard it a special distinction amongst the intellectuals of the entire world for any one to belong to the Staff of the University of Athens, and I am fully aware that the unique spiritual heritage of this Institution, in addition to being a supreme honour, also involves great responsibilities for those who are members of it.

On my recent visit to America my thoughts gratefully turned on many an occasion to Athens and to this University by reason of the spiritual authority and content which my coming from Athens lent to my mission there.

I addressed the faculty and student body of Columbia University in New York and of the University of California, near San Francisco. On both occasions I felt myself privileged merely because I was a Greek and I had come from Athens.

On the occasion of today's gathering I wish to set forth my thoughts on some of the major world problems of today and on the position of Greece and of the University of Athens in relation to them.

Mankind, which is beset today by uncertainty and by senseless misery and suffering, still expects a great deal of the mother of freedom and the democratic form of government.

We all realize that we are passing through a grave crisis. Rumours of war, unrest, social upheavals and revolutions in many parts of the world darken the international horizon.

What we are up against appears to be a social, political and economic crisis. In essence, however, it is a spiritual crisis.

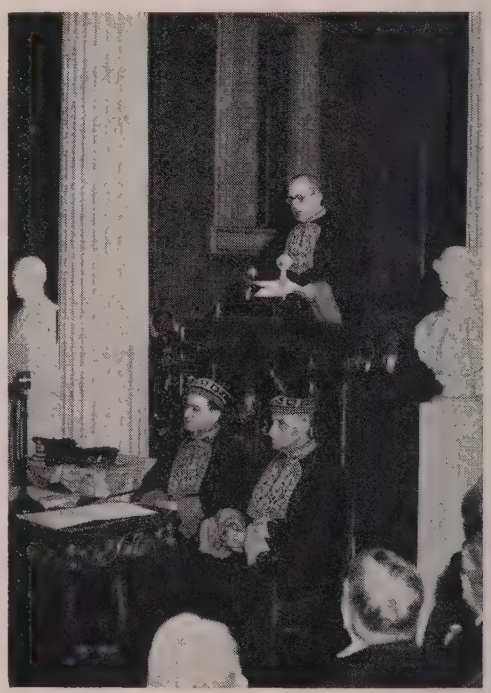
The old moral and spiritual values are no longer able to kindle the heart of humanity. We all feel this. The lag in moral and spiritual progress by comparison to material advancement is widening steadily. As it is, it is already so wide that the structure of human society cannot remain standing for long in its old form. Parochial nationalisms, racial discriminations, and narrow-minded economic views, attended by lack of unity, have ceased to offer satisfactory solutions to the problems of a democratic society.

The Greek message of Liberty, blended with the principles of the Christian faith in the consciense of mankind over the past two thousand years, has culminated in the present democratic form of government.

But as I already said at the University of California, I feel that the time has now come and that necessity is pressing hard upon us, the men of today, of these critical times, to add something ourselves to the work of past generations, to add new values to their spiritual legacy.

We must bring an inspiring message so that we may once again stir the spirit of man on the road to progress and make of our Western civilization a spiritual driving force.

But in order to carry conviction, provide inspiration and find a solution for the present day crisis we must balance Man's material progress with new courageous thought and find the right explanations for this world of matter within the newly discovered world of Power.



KING PAUL DELIVERS HIS ADDRESS, WEARING THE OFFICIAL GOWN OF ACADEMIC RANK WHICH COMES DOWN FROM THE GREEK UNIVERSITY IN CONSTANTINOPLE, THE OLDEST UNIVERSITY IN EUROPE, FOUNDED IN THE 10th CENTURY BY THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE MONOMACHOS.

It was the splitting of the atom which introduced us into this world of Power.

In my opinion, this may prove the most crucial event since Man's first appearance on this planet. It was arranged by Divine Providence at precisely that moment when it became necessary to impress upon man the need for a new philosophic outlook upon life.

With mixed feelings of admiration and awe Man suddenly heard that the world of matter had fused with the world of power and that he now had at his

command a new terrific and limitless force. Whether this force shall be used for good or evil now depends entirely upon himself.

It is with us, the intellectual leaders of Greece, that the privilege lies of making a philosophic study of this major problem and of all the other great and difficult problems to which it has given rise.

Let us free our minds from the danger of the atom bomb and rather concentrate our efforts on giving expression to the philosophic message which the atom has brought to the world. To me this is a message of Harmony and Peace. Matter has become power, and power matter. Does this not prove to us the Unity of all things, seen and unseen?

I invite you to join me with faith on a new crusade.

In this new effort the University of Athens should play, a leading part, as otherwise it will not prove equal to its heritage, to its potentialities and to the faith which the Western World has placed in Greece today as a source of inspiration.

This is a matter of great urgency. It admits of no delay.

Tremendous problems rise grimly ahead of us awaiting an answer. These problems may be summed up in the one anxious problem of Man's moral and intellectual outlook upon the new concept of the World and of Life.

Matter has dissolved into Power and Energy.

How shall we master this terrific new force?

The sages of the world have already demonstrated to us, in theory and practice alike, that matter and power, although different in form, are essentially one and the same thing. Given this truth, where should our own place be?

This is a difficult question to answer. It is a matter of inspiration, of taking fresh stock of ourselves and of giving ourselves a new outlook.

Hitherto, in spite of the teachings and admonitions of our religion, we have throughout the ages been accustomed to identifying ourselves with only the seen part of ourselves. In other words, we consider ourselves to be the persons we see living in the Universe we see.

Science has, however, demonstrated that the material Universe and our material existence, consisting as they do of atoms, can be dissolved into Power.

For many centuries past Religion has revealed to us through faith that this Power is the Divine Power. Science for its part has recently offered to us by a new method convincing proof of the existence of a Supreme Power and at the same time of the existence of Unity, of the oneness of Matter and Power.

Science has thus rendered the greatest service and support both to our religious sentiments and to our philosophic thought. It helps us to shed our old prejudices and to identify ourselves with the whole Truth, rather than with part of the Truth only.

By this I mean that we must identify ourselves with the unseen Power - that is with Divine Power - which includes matter as parts of itself, and that we must jettison the old erroneous identification of man with only the seen part of himself, which at best remains a part of the Truth only.

If we continue to identify ourselves with only part of the Truth, thereby restricting our outlook, we shall never learn to solve the mysteries of the whole Truth, that is of the Universe. The Universe, as well as its meaning to us, will remain forever a closed book or at least a book full of confusion.

These ideas are not quite so revolutionary as they might seem at first sight. This is not the first time that Mankind in its progress towards Truth, throughout the centuries, is called upon to jettison acknowledged doctrines and principles.

During the pre-Christian era any concept, even slightly resembling that of Christian love, was looked upon as an aberration. But what formerly used to be unthinkable is today the basic law of life.

Something analogus happened on another level. Up to barely 400 years ago mankind believed that the Earth was motionless and that everything moved round it, because that was what they saw. As a result many of their calculations were based on erroneous thinking and many problems remained unsolved. But then Copernicus and Galileo came along, they reversed the old erroneous beliefs based on only the seen part of the Universe, re-established the truth about the movement of heavenly bodies, presented the Universe in its new and truthful aspect, and automatically many former difficult problems found their natural solution.

In the same way Mankind must today grasp and accept the new concept of the world and hence its new mission which is vaster and involves infinitely greater responsibilities.

This new concept of the world will embrace the material and the immaterial within a single whole and a single Unity. It is precisely at this point that there emerges the leading mission of Greece, of this cradle of freedom. For Unity can only become a conscious expression of life after man's spirit has assimilated the real meaning of freedom. When freedom has matured us into having a deep sense of responsibility towards the freedom of our fellow men, then only shall we be able to turn to good account the lesson we shall be taught by accepting this new outlook upon life; then only shall we be able to voluntarily unify our minds and spirit towards the achievement of a great common goal.

I believe that Unity is the concept within which the world will find its new explanations and man his proper place and balance.

The concept of Unity is not only a necessity, it is also a hard fact. The cause of our present predicament lies in the fact that, by identifying ourselves with only part of the Truth, we ignored the need for Unity and failed to bring life on this earth into harmony with it. Be it noted that the lack of Unity exerts a negative influence on the advance of mankind generally, the force of which is enhanced by modern technological progress.

The time has however come for us to acknowledge the Unity of all things, both seen and unseen. Concious of our power and freed from the imaginary fears which our mistaken outlook upon our material existence inspired in us, we can now harness our new infinitely greater potentialities for the creation of a better future, a better future for the coming generations of the new mankind that is coming into shape.

The quality, the smooth working and hence the happiness of a democratic community cannot surpass the potentialities of its leadership. The quality of the

(Continued on Page 38)

Midwest Greek Orthodox Get New Bishop

By C. J. LAMPOS

From the ancient center of Nazianzos, Asia Minor, spoke Gregory the Theologian, and his immortal words and blessed memory are a living force in the Greek Orthodox Church despite the passage of sixteen centuries. We are happy to report that we have his direct successor among us today.

He is The Right Rev. Ezekiel, Bishop of Nazianzos (and Chicago), who succeeded the late Bishop Gerasimos in March as the spiritual leader of the 80 Greek churches and their 250,000 faithful in the 2nd Diocese (which comprises the Midwest from Montana to Texas).

Our new bishop is a man in the prime of life, and those who have already had the high privilege of meeting him in person will quickly second our belief that there is a great future ahead of him and of Midwest Orthodoxy.

Bishop Ezekiel's family name is Tsoukalas, and he was born in 1913 in Patras, Greece. He obtained his elementary and high school education in his native city, and he was graduated in 1935 from the Theological School of the University of Athens. He had already been ordained a deacon on September 28, 1934, at the University Chapel of Kapnikarea in Athens by the late Metropolitan Ezekiel of Karditsa, and he was ordained a priest on November 30, 1935, at the St. Nicholas Chapel of the Ptohokomeion of Athens.

A fine leader by temperament and training, the young priest served in Greece as chancellor of the Diocese of Karditsa and later of the Diocese of Thebes and Levadia. He came to America at the end of 1937 and served as pastor of the Greek communities of Portsmouth, N. H., Haverhill, Mass., and Hartford, Conn.

In 1941 he joined the Greek Archdiocese Theological Institute (then at Pomfret Center, Conn., but now located at Brookline, Mass.) as assistant dean and one of its professors. When the school's dean left in June of 1949 to become the Metropolitan of Thyateira, London, England, the Rev. Ezekiel succeeded him as head of the seminary.

He was consecrated a bishop on September 17, 1950, and served in the dual capacities of Bishop of New England and dean of the Theological Institute until his transfer to Chicago.

Because of the long illness of the late Bishop of Chicago, the status of the 2nd Diocese had become very chaotic. His Eminence Archbishop Michael wanted a young and aggressive leader who was immediately available, and his choice of Bishop Ezekiel was so obvious that it was announced in the American press before it had been made.

The new bishop is not only a capable administrator and a learned man, but he is also a very hard worker and a Greek Orthodox spiritual leader who inspires a new kind of respect. Besides the historic and traditional respect which his position elicits, there is added the respect which he brings to this position by virtue of his vitality, his sincerity, and his promise.

He has attended Harvard University and Hartford Theological Seminary, and he speaks and writes excellent English. His favorite phrases—and they reveal his dynamic personality and his faith—are: "Let's put life into it" (referring to any and all Greek-American organizations and projects) and "God is good" (his spontaneous response to complaints, indecision, and obstacles).

He believes ardently in the Greek Orthodox youth movement, and of the GREEK ORTHODOX WELFARE FOUNDATION, which has offices next to his in the Diocese building at 1549 N. Astor Street, Chicago, he declares:

"This is Christ's work, and it is my work, too."

BISHOP OF NAZIANZOS EZEKIEL, NEW GREEK BISHOP OF THE CHICAGO DIOCESE

And of course there is his gentle and kindly side. When your reporter's wife ran an errand for his secretary, he left his busy office to come to ours to thank her. One day she brought a neighbor's baby to our office for a brief visit. His Grace heard the patter of little feet, and two days later he gave us a bag of candy for the child.

You talk to our new bishop, you listen to him, and you say to yourself:

"This leader is young and brilliant, and under him our Church is an institution with as vital and promising a future as that of the rest of our beloved America!"

CLASSICAL DRAMA

Euripides' "Hippolytus"

Presented by The Royal Theatre of Greece at the Odeon of Herodes Attious, Athens, Greece. Translated into modern Greek by Dem. M. Sarros.

Directed by ..... Dimitrios Ach. Rondiris
Music by ..... Dimitri Mitropoulos
Setting by ..... Cl. Clonis
Costumes by ..... Ant. Phocas
Musical Direction by ..... George Lycoudis
Chorus Movement trained by ..... Loukia

CAST

(In order of appearance)

Aphrodite ..... Kakia Panagiotou
Hippolytus ..... Nicos Hadziscos
Servant ..... Aris Vlahopoulos
Phaedra ..... Else Verghis
Nurse ..... Athanasia Moustaka
Theseus ..... Thanos Cotsopoulos
Messenger ..... Stelios Vocovitch
Artemis ..... Aleka Katselis
Chorus Leader ..... Thalia Kalliga

SCENE: In front of the Palace of King Theseus.

The scene of the tragedy takes place before the palace of King Theseus in Troezen, a small state of Argolis near the Saronic Gulf and the peninsula of Methana. As most of Euripides' dramas it was presented in the Theatre of Dionysus of Athens, during 428 B. C. In this dramatic contest, Euripides won first prize. We do not know the other three plays of Euripides' tetralogy which had been presented along with **Hippolytus.**

Before the Royal Palace of Theseus stand two altars: one for the Goddess Aphrodite and the other for the Goddess Artemis. These two Goddesses dominate the drama—one at the beginning and the other at the end. They are enemies to each other. The character of the drama is religious.

Hippolytus, son of the King of Athens, Theseus, worshipped the Goddess of Virginity and the Hunt, Artemis, scorning the Goddess of Love, Aphrodite, who for this reason becomes angry at him and decides upon his destruction. Aphrodite then puts in his step-mother's heart, Phaedra, an illegal and furious love for her step-son, Hippolytus. Phaedra, dominated by his passion, struggles in vain to overcome her love. Her old nurse, in order to save Phaedra's life, confides to Hippolytus, Phaedra's love. Upon hearing this, Hippolytus becomes furious against the old nurse and his step-mother, Phaedra, and curses the entire female sex. Then Phaedra in her shame and desperation hangs herself, and in order to avenge herself upon Hippolytus, she accuses him by letter to Theseus of daring to insult her honor. Theseus, believing this calumnation, puts a curse on his son. Hippolytus dies a cruel death. Before he dies, Artemis appears and she reveals the truth to Theseus and consoles Hippolytus that honor and glory will be his in eternity.

SCENE FROM "HIPPOLYTUS" AS PRESENTED IN ATHENS

—

The opening performance was given in honor of the foreign correspondents in Athens, and it proved to be a memorable occasion. Director Rondiris sought to demonstrate his idea of how a Greek play should be produced. The production, starting late in September had a successful run in Athens.

Peter E. Camburas, Architect

The Luxurious Cocktail Lounge

Two progressive Greek-Americans, Peter Gianukos, leading midwest commission merchant and Leo Chac his brother-in-law, and a resourceful restaurant man, have brought to Chicagoans and Chicago suburbanites a concept in dining out. They have built the already fabulous WELLER'S RESTAURANT AND LOUNGE, located at 9 Waukegan Road, near Dempster Road, in Morton Grove, Ill., a Chicago suburb. From what we have seen, and judg from the reaction of the public, Weller's has won the immediate approval of discriminating gourmets and the your social set because it has been designed to meet all needs of all its patrons.

The luxurious Cocktal Lounge is an ideal place to entertain friends, family or business associates. The r Dining Room features comfortable accommodations for any occasion. It is ideally suited for parties, large or sm Special attention is lavished on family groups. Businessmen can enjoy satisfying luncheons while relaxing or tal shop away from office distractions.

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Report from Athens

By
MAVRA JOAKIMIDES

•

The internationally known archeologist, Prof. George E. Mylonas, of the University of Washington (St. Louis) opened his series of lectures at the University of Athens with a lecture entitled: "The Homeric and Myceanean Burial Customs". He will also lecture before the Philosophical School of the University. Prof. Mylonas is well known in Greece as he has conducted important excavations in Olynthus, St. Kosma, Attica, and other locations.

★

Marechal A. Papagos, Prime Minister of Greece with his cabinet reviewing the armed forces parade on the occasion of the 28th of October anniversary of the Axis invasion of Greece.

★

The Archbishop of Cyprus, Rt. Rev. Makarios, visits Athens to urge the union of Cyprus with Greece. He is flanked in the photograph above by Foreign Minister Stefanopoulos (left) and Mr. A. Kyrou, chief of the Foreign Ministry Department.

The recent visit of Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus to Athens sparked efforts of the Greek government and of the Greek nation for the union of Cyprus with Greece. The Archbishop conferred with members of the government, the King and Queen, as well as the Archbishop of Athens. The Greek government decided to insist on bilateral discussions with the British government relative to the solution of the problem, otherwse the Hellenic government is determined to bring the matter to the attention of the United Nations. Cyprus, a Greek island, is held by the British.

★

Chancellor Adenauer talks to Athene: On the occasion of his recent visit to Athens, the German Chancellor granted an interview to our Athens correspondent, Mme. Joakimides, reaffirming his friendship and admiration for Greece and the Greek people. The Chancellor was decorated both by the King and the Athens Council.

★

GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREEK ART EXHIBIT IN BELGRADE. THE GROUP, FRONT RIGHT, IS THE WORK OF THE WOOD-CARVING SCULPTOR, A. SOHOS.

Other artists who participated in the exhibition are: A. Asteriades, A. Georgiades, N. Ghikas, J. Morales, N. Nicholaou, S. Papaloukas, J. Spyropoulos and S. Vasileiou, all painters. Sculptors included: J. Pappas, A. Sohos, M. Tombros, G. Zogygopoulos and etchers (Graveurs) were represented by: D. Galanis, D. Gianoukakis, E. Papademetriou and A. Theodoropoulos. The Belgrade newspapers praised the exihibition.

Athens Memorial for O'Neil

The great American playwright, Eugene ONeil, who died recently, was honored in Athens with a memorial service organized by the United States Information Service and the Greek Theatre. It was an impressive homage to one of the leading world figures of the theatre and the memorial took place at the Costas Mousouris Theatre in Athens. There were tributes by Alexis Minotis, and Aim. Hourmouzos as well as an introduction by American Ambassador, Gavendish Cannon.

MR. TH. KOTSOPOULOS, MISS ANNA SYNODINOU AND MR. G. GLYNOS READING FROM O'NEIL.

Readings from his works in Greek were rendered by Anna Synodinou, Thanos Kotsopoulos, George Glynos, Katina Paxinou, Byron Pallis, Pandelis Zervos, Tania Savopoulou, George Lazanis, Kostas Moussouris, Eleni Hadgiargyri and Nicos Tjoyas.

Featured O'Neil works, "Beyond the Horizon",

(Continued on Page 30)

THE HON. CAVENDISH CANNON (LEFT) INAUGURATES THE CONCERT SERIES OF THE CONTEMPORARY GREEK AND AMERICAN MUSIC AT PARNASSOS HALL ATHENS. HE IS PRESENTED BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE.

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New York

By

JOHN BELASCO

Dear Readers:

I am dedicating my column to the glorified playground of the famous Catskill Mountains, mecca of millions for sports, hunting and vacationing.

The Catskill Mountains are situated in the center of the State of New York, covering an area of about 9000 sq. miles. They consist of 35 high peaks, some over 4000 feet in height, with numerous highlands, valleys and brooks. These Catskill Mountains are well dressed by forests and sunny pastures.

SUNSET SPRINGS HOTEL, HAINES FALLS, N. Y.

The largest single area of the Catskills is owned by the State of New York, where the N. Y. City water reservoir is located.

For the past three decades we find thousands of Greek origin to patronize the Catskills. Many of them own homes with gardens and even tiny farms. Among those who accept boarders for travelers and vacationists are, the Acropolis Farm, one of the oldest; The Parthenon; Parnassus; Crystal Brook; Sparta Manor; Pindos; Olympia; New Olympia; Grand Hotel; Callithea; Summit House; and the Sunset Springs Hotel, most distinguished of them all.

The Sunset Springs Hotel, which I patronize every year and where I feel at home, is owned and operated by John D. Stames, who acquired it some fourteen years ago. This is not just another hotel, but an institution patronized by discriminating Greek-Americans. It is situated at Haines Falls, N. Y., nestling privately within its own estate of 119 acres at the Twinlight Park, a towering peak, with a grand view close to the skies. Often when clouds settle low, we find ourselves above the clouds. This hotel of ours which is valued at one million, was purchased for $25,000. It is built of stone and rocks, has a 90 feet long terrace which has become a real board walk for the guests. The hotel service is excellent and can accommodate 360 guests. This vacationing center is provided with all modern conveniences and the guests take advantage of its facilities. The younger set enjoy the gymnasium, tennis court, basketball, scientific swimming pool, dancing, the cocktail lounge, and the beautiful garden for sun bathing and social chat. Music and talent director, Martin Ryner, provides excellent shows and entertainers at the casino nightly. This gives the younger generation a chance to know each other,

HAINES FALLS

and many marriages have resulted thereof. The youth enjoy its dancing and midnight swimming in the hotel pool and all the sports.

Our genial host, Mr. John D. Stames, with a background as an executive with some of America's leading hotels, believes and practices in giving his guests satisfactory service.

So much for the hotel and its management. Now briefly let me describe for you what mother nature has contributed to this paradise. On the property of this hotel is to be found plenty of spring water. A former owner used to bottle and send it to New York City daily, because it contains health giving minerals. The average temperature during the

(Acropolis Photo)

ARCHBISHOP MICHAEL, HEAD OF THE GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH IN AMERICA, GREETING THE PRESIDENT OF TURKEY, HIS EXCELLENCY CELAR BAYAR.

PHOTOGRAPHED ABOARD THE SS. OLYMPIA: MRS. DEM. VLAHAKIS, DR. GEO. A. FOWLER, EVELYN G. GENERALIS, CHIEF ENGINEER DEM. VLAHAKIS, MRS. SPYROS SKOURAS, STAMATIS POLEMIS (MASTER OF THE SHIP), MRS. LUCILLE BARRON, DR. EL. STAMPOIS (SHIP PHYSICIAN), MRS. G. A. FOWLER (NEE DIANA SKOURAS), MR. WILLIAM BARRON AND MR. PAMIKOS STELLIN.

(James Kavallines Photo)

LEADING THE GRAND PARADE IN HONOR OF GREEK INDEPENDENCE IN NEW YORK'S 5th AVENUE ARE: (L to R) LT. GEN. WITHERS A. BURGESS, MAYOR WAGNER OF NEW YORK AND AMBASSADOR ATHANASIS POLITIS.

MR. JOHN MOUZAKIOTIS, PROMINENT CHICAGO BUSINESS MAN, AND SUPREME TREASURER OF THE PAN-ARCADIAN FEDERATION, LEADS TOGETHER WITH NEWSPAPERMAN PAUL JAVARAS, THE PAN-ARCADIAN EXCURSION TO GREECE WHICH LEAVES EARLY IN MAY OF THIS YEAR.

Summer heat is 12 to 15 degrees lower than in the city, and at night even lower. The moonlight nights are magic and for honeymooners its heaven itself. In the morning hours people usually take long walks, others go for horseback riding, still others visit other Hellenic centers hereabouts, or they marvel at the beauty and photograph the Haines Falls which are reproduced on this page. There is also blackberry picking and hiking in the forests.

Personally I have enjoyed reading or writing in the woods alone. There, a tiny wild creature would cross my path, or birds would be flying around teaching their offspring the secrets of aviation. At times I wonder if my presence there is disturbing them, and if I would as much as move my hand or leg, they would detour.

Before closing my brief report on the Katskikll Mountains, I like ot congratulate Mr. John D. Stames for acquiring this property and for turning it into such a fascinating vacation center for thousands of Greek-Amercans and their friends. Those who wish to spend a comfortable vacation this year should try Sunset Springs Hotel at Haines Falls, N. Y., and they will thank me for the suggestion.

Chicago GOYA Helps Home for Aged

Assumption GOYA Donates $500.00 to Welfare Fund

Pictured above is the ceremony of the officers of the GOYA of the Greek Orthodox Church "The Assumption", 601 S. Central Avenue, Chicago, Ill., presenting a check for $500.00 towards the Greek Home for the Aged. The check represented proceeds from a benefit dance given by the Assumption youth group at the Plato School. The ceremony took place recently in the GOYA office in the Diocese building, 1549 N. Astor Street, Chicago.

Shown in the picture are: Leon Toulon, GOYA president for 1954; Penelope Kouzios, treasurer; Thomas Maggos, GOYA persident for 1953; Alec K. Gianaras, president of the GREEK ORTHODOX WELFARE FOUNDATION; The Rev. Mastrantonis, Executive Secretary of the FOUNDATION; and Harold N. Andrews, chairman of the dance committee.

The GREEK ORTHODOX WELFARE FOUNDATION is under the auspices of His Eminence Archbishop Michael and the Greek Archdiocese of North and South America. Its blue-print will provide three vital services for the less fortunate members of our Greek Orthodox population:

1. A Home for the Aged.
2. A service to find foster homes or orphanage and nursery facilities for parentless youngsters.
3. A program of social welfare case work in general.

The FOUNDATION intends to provide skilled and sympathetic services of our old folks.

It does not intend to remove them from the stream of American life, but rather to place them in that environment to which they have been accustomed during their life in America. This Greek-American environment will add new life to their years of grace.

And by filling the needs of our own people, the FOUNDATION will lessen the burden on other public and private agencies.

The FOUNDATION solicits and welcomes the support of all Greek-American organizations, groups, and individuals. Offers of aid and suggestions may be made to the GREEK ORTHODOX WELFARE FOUNDATION, Hellenic Diocese Bldg., 1549 North Astor Street, Chicago 10, Ill., DElaware 7-1554.

ATHENS MEMORIAL FOR O'NEIL

(Continued from Page 27)

"Anna Christie", "All God's Chillun" and "Strange Interlude". Dr. W. Weld was in charge of the arrangements.

The United States Information Service also arranged the 1954 Concert Series of Contemporary Greek and American Music at the Parnassos Hall in Athens, with Greek and American artists participating. It was a great idea and Athenians learned a lot about American music.

KING PAUL RECEIVES AHEPA LEADER

King Paul of Greece, greeting Ahepa Excursion leader, Mr. Van Nomikos (third L to R) and Mrs. Van Nomikos upon the arrival of pilgrims in Athens as Mr. Kotsaridas, New York Herald representative looks on.

Mr. Van Nomikos is a former Supreme President of Ahepa, a leader in Greek-American activities, including the Greek War Relief and Community drives; is prominent in Moving Picture Theatre circles in the Middle West, and is a Moving Picture Theatre magnate in his own right. At present he is president of the St. Constantine Community in Chicago which is in the midst of a Two Million Dollar construction program.

The Wandering Fool

By THEODORE GIANAKOULIS

With the cross upon his shoulders Jesus was on his way to Golgotha. In an hour of human weakness he felt a great weariness upon him, and sweat streamed from his forehead. He was thirsty with the thirst of all the world on his lips. He stopped and put the cross down for a moment to wipe the sweat from his brow. Seeing an old man near, he said to him, "Water. I thirst," and as he spoke, his swollen tongue and parched lips could hardly move.

But the old man with a short laugh answered, "So you're a king, are you? Go on, king, move along!" And he kicked Jesus.

Our Lord made no answer. Some say that the old man did not know what he was saying; others claim that he did. Jesus, who knows all things, lifted the cross to his shoulders again and stumbled on, bent and silent. Three tears, three priceless jewels, fell from his eyes that always shone with love, trust, and understanding.

A man who stood near and who overheard old Koutente's and saw him kick Jesus, spoke in anger: "Do you not know that you were speaking to our Lord? A curse be upon you, old fool."

And one from the crowd that followed Jesus looked into the eyes of Koutente's and said to him in reproof, "How could you speak so to our Lord? A curse upon you." Then others of the followers and of those who looked on took up the words, "A curse be upon you, old fool, a curse upon you."

The murmur spread, and in a moment, an eternal moment, lips the world over moved as by a miracle to form the same words in every tongue, "A curse upon you."

Jesus, who knows all things, went on, weary and thirsty, with the cross upon his shoulders and the thirst of the whole world on his lips. From that moment the world's curse has lain upon Koutente's, the old fool, and he roams the earth suffering and unable to find rest or peace or forgiveness.

Some say that this punishment will go on forever. Others believe it will end on the second day of Judgment, when the trumpet peals shall summon the countless myriads to the eternal flowering fields to be judged by the Almighty. Until then Koutente's shall find no peace, but shall wander over the whole earth, stumbling and exhausted, torturing his heart and mind, cursed by all the world.

Every one hundred and one years at noon of Holy Friday he passes among the Peloponnesian mountain peaks, it is said, but no one sees him, for he hides his face in the clouds from shame. It is also said that on that day old Koutente's may be found almost anywhere in the world, alone, wandering, with the agony of remorse marked on his features. He chooses lonely paths and crosses and recrosses mountain tops. Some have seen him falling from the heights, striking his head against rocks and hurtling down dizzy ravines. Some have heard his voice like thunder and have seen his tortured smile in the lightning. He cannot die. He can only follow the wailing wind and the rain, and be one with pain and the wrath of the storm. He can only hope for the second day of Judgment to bring him face to face with Almightly God.

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TRE UNRESOLVED PAST

(Continued from Page 10)

But childhood memories are not the only disguise. Some writers go even further back—to the 1821 Revolution, or to the age of the Frankish Occupation, or to Byzantium. Sometimes they use this isolating, narrowing process not only with time, but with space; they localise their subject intensely, pin it down to a small village, an island, where the Hero, made particular and picturesque, will be as safely cut away from the present, from the world the author has lived in, as if he had been placed in another century.

But why this constant turning back, this nostalgia? The only answer is that the Greeks have not finished with their past; they have not digested it. It is still, and will be for some time, an extremely confused and involved affair. It is not a single continuous past, easy to carry along; it is made of many voices, often conflicting. Perhaps most disturbing among them is the conflict between their eastern and their western heritage. The west tempts and frightens the Greeks, because in the effort of survival through many centuries they have not been able to look outwards and come close to it, even though they did feel strong and ancient affinities with it. But neither can they give up any of these voices for the sake of unity. Seferis once said: 'The Greeks are extremely conservative, to use the word in its original sense. None of our Christian or pre-Christian traditions have ever really died out. Often, when I attend our religious procession on Good Friday, I find it difficult to decide whether the God who is being mourned is Christ or Adonis'.

And here one comes before the tremendous problem of reconciliation, of tuning the voices till the tumult shapes itself into intelligible speech. But by what strenuous process can this be achieved? In what cave of absolute darkness should one withdraw to go through this labour? There are no dark caves in Greece. Instead, there is the sun. Giver of life, regenerator—but also tyranny and prison. The sun means being forever unable to break away from visual, temporal shapes, from particular moments and particular places; it condemns one to be an external extrovert. It allows no relapse, no eclipse, no hibernation.

A young writer from Athens—he is one of the anonymous writers of the last five years—wrote to me once: 'What shall we do about this dreadful impossibility of being tragic in our country? Perhaps that is why when one is tragic here, it is always very deeply, to the very marrow, without any exteriorisation. It has to be so, because if one brought it out into the open, the sun would destroy it like a soapbubble'. There is an echo of this in a line by Seferis: 'Countries of the Sun, who cannot face the Sun'.

You will ask whether this deadlock in which the Greek writers of my generation now find themselves, can be solved. I have tried to show that it has arisen at a particular moment in history, through a coming together of many things. The Greek past, and the Greek light, are only two of them, and they have not always stood in the way of the writer. I think that in the very tension it engenders, the deadlock contains the theme of a new creative effort.

(THE LISTENER)

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"Athene" to Observe Fifteen Years of Founding

On the occasion of the 15th Anniversary of the founding of ATHENE MAGAZINE, which is this year, it was decided by a group of Athene friends to issue a sort of a commemorative edition, and Vol. XV, No. 3 - Autumn, 1954 has been set aside as the anniversary number.

Demosthenes Georgoulis

To this extent committees of distinguished scholars and friends of the arts have been formed in Chicago, New York and Athens, to cooperate for the production of this great edition, which should surpass all previous Athene issues in subject matter, art contents and size. In fact the committees are gathering material both here and in Europe and we hope that this projected edition will be in the best tradition of Athene. Mr. Demosthenes Georgoulis, well known Chicago attorney and art patron, is chairman of the Chicago committee, which in addition to its efforts to secure sponsors for the anniversary number, is organizing also a series of literary evenings and other cultural activities in connection with the celebration. Assisting Mr. Georgoulis are a number of Chicago's most devoted patrons of the arts and letters and the activities are already under way.

Likewise the New York committee is planning for big things in the cultural field and from Athens we hear that the project has won the support and cooperation of prominent figures high in the world of art and the sciences.

The committees plan to invite all Greek-American communities and societies as well as business houses to sponsor this issue since it is anticipated that many thousands of extra copies will be printed of this special celebration edition to satisfy reader demand.

(Photo: Blue Bird, N Y.)

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Rhodes, Crete, Delos Visited on Aegean Cruise

Three-hundred and sixty thousand dollars would have bought the Colossus of Rhodes in 305 B. C. at the prevailing exchange of $1,200 per talent, but it's no telling what it would cost now. Fact of the matter is it's not for sale or likely to be. The Colossus just isn't any more.

But it did exist, and prominently, as one of the Seven Wonders of the World. The Colossus of Rhodes was a 105-foot bronze statue of Apollo, sun god of Rhodes. While the statue is gone, the sun remains—making a visit every day, we're told, because Apollo like the Aegean island so much.

Incidentally, the price of the Colossus to the people of Rhodes was a year-long military siege. Failing to take the city Demetrius of Asia Minor, "destroyer of towns," mocked his nome de plume, abandoned his war materials (valued at roughly $360,000) and went home. Sale of the armaments netted Rhodes's people about 300 talents with which they built the Colossus. It stood astride the entrance of Mandracchio harbor, port of Rhodes.

An earthquake felled the Colossus into the sea but the site and town are worth visiting. Both are on the ieinerary of a five-day cruise, operated every week from April 26 to July 5 by the Greek Tourist Organization and offered by the American Express Travel Service. Departure is from Piraeus, the port of Athens. The S. S. Delphini, displacing 1500 tons, leaves Monday morning and returns Friday after tounching seven islands in Aegean Sea.

Sailing from Piraeus, locale of Plato's "Republic" and center of Athens naval power in fifth century B. C., the tour stops at Epidaurus, and continues on the second day to Crete.

Arriving on Crete the tour drives to the ancient Minoan city of Knossos, excavated and restored by Sir Arthur Evans, who had to purchase an interest in the land before he could gain permission to excavate in 1900.

Crete had a hundred cities at her height and sent a strong representation with 80 ships to aid the Greeks' attack on Troy. After the fall of Troy the victorious Mycenaean dynasty of Greece warred against Crete, their staunch ally.

Following Crete the tour proceeds on the third day to Thera and the island of Rhodes, location of the famous Colossus of Rhodes.

From Rhodes, tour members go to Paros and Mykonos for the fourth day. Delos is remembered as headquarters of the Delian League, established after the defeat of the Persians in 479 B. C. as a community of Greek states united fortheir mutual defense. Athens under Pericles headed the League.

Rich gifts to the shrine of Apollo on Delos were sent every year by the sacred ship of Theseus. While the vessel was on this commemorative voyage no man could be put to death in Athens. Condemned to die, the immortal Socrates enjoyed thirty more days of life because the ship had not returned from Delos.

Information about the cruises may be obtained from American Express offices in the United States and Europe. Costs range from $37 to $83.50 per person.

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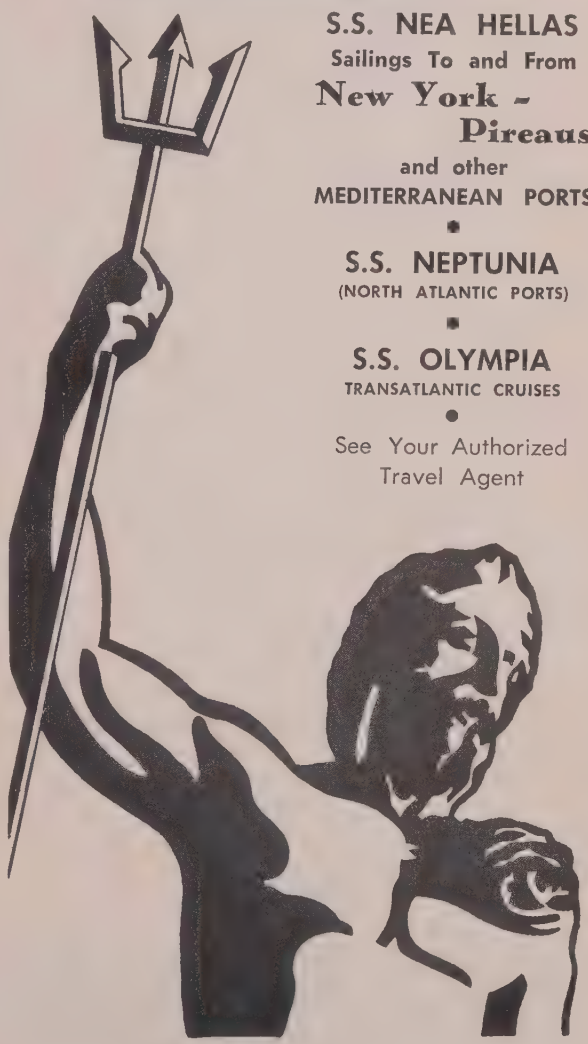

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NAPOLEON KALMER

(Continued from Page 16)

head, but then the mother of Napoleon, Missus Bonaparte, comes in between and I hits her opon the head and she falls down opon the floor and she passes out cold. And the public they gets mad and they jomp opon the stage and my friends and the friends of Karabournazos come to hands and they fight and kids cry and women faint and the police comes and they take us to jail and I prove that the iron telescope was of Karabournazos and he says, no, sir, the iron telescope ees Kalmer and he told the stage hands to give it to me so I gets tired holdin' it in my eye. But my fans are more and shout louder and Karabournazos stays in prison and I gets out and Missus Bonaparte stays in the 'ospital for two weeks and. . ."

Archie paused for a few moments to catch his breath. His recitation had caused him lots of excitement. Reliving the great scene in which the two Napoleons had met with a second, double Waterloo, had been a stress on his nerves. I felt sorry for Archie.

"Let me bring you a glass of water, my friend. . ."

He looked up to me, with gratitude in his eyes.

'Thank you, Jimmy. You are a fine man, Jimmy."

Archie gulped the water down his throat as if it had been nectar from Olympus. After his mouth was 'watered' and his tongue could twist around glibly, I asked him:

"Have you ever played Napoleon since that memorable night?"

Archie looked at me, with his eyes scared, as though he was seeing the whole scene before him.

"Heck, no," he said. "And it ees too bad becose the Griks like Napoleon very moch, and they know that I am Bonapartis in Grik languich-Kalomeros, I mean-and I play the part very good, see?"

"See."

"But to tell you the truth, America ees one very great country and you can do anythin' here. To be a dishwasher, to be an acter, to play theatre, to play crab, to play horses, dogs, cards, sing in the chorch, everythin'!"

"How do you make a living these days, Archie?"

He paused for an indecisive moment.

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"Oh, well," he gestured, "right now I'm sellin' tickets for a sho' which they give tomorrow in Comesee Hall, Eighth Avenue and 44th Street. Wouldo you lika go, Jimmy?"

"Do I have a choice, Archie?"

Archie pretended not to have minded my slightly ironical tone.

"Of corse, Jimmy. This is a free country, haven't you herd?"

"I didn't say it wasn't, Archie. . .Well, I'd like to see that show. What kind of a show is it?"

"It ees a drama, Jimmy. A very nice drama. You will die with laffin'."

"You mean. . ."

"The way they play it I mean, Jimmy. . .It ees cold "Mildred the Galaxeidiotissa", you kno' 'from Galaxeidi, in Greece. Here, I give you two tickets, for you and your girlie-friend. . ."

"I have no girlie-friend, Archie."

"I see. Not too long in this country. . .Alright then, Jimmy, I will give you one ticket. It ees a one dollar and fifty cents ticket and I will give it to you for only fifty cents. . ."

Archie dug in his pocket and produced a bunch of worn out pieces of paper held together with a rubber band. After a moment's search, he singled out a tiny bit of yellow paper and gave it to me, against my half dollar.

"Thank you, Jimmy. Thank you in the name of Grik Arrrt," he articulated. "You 're a good guy, Jimmy, a regular guy, Jimmy, and I like regular guys, Jimmy."

I was at a loss to catch the meaning of this multiple 'Jimmy treatment.'

"Have you got a good role in this play, Archie?"

"No, Jimmy, I will be to the door to take the tickets. You see", he added with a sigh, "you don' expecta play Napoleon every day. But I don' complain. Gran' Napoleon waz a corporal first to become an emperor afterward. Me, Kalomeros, waz first emperor and now I am a corporal in arrrt. But so ees the worl'. See? I don' complain."

"You take things philosophically, Archie. You are a great, a regular guy, Archie."

"Thank you, Jimmy. So you are yourself, Jimmy!"

"Thank you, Archie."

"And re-thank you, Jimmy, for listenin' to me so long. After all, thiz was a lesson for you in English, Jimmy. Have you onderstand everything I says?". . .

Thus ran my conversation—mostly one-sided, to my expense, both in time and in cents—with Archimedes Kalomeropoulos, alias Archie Kalmer, the indefatigable Napoleon, Karabournazos' rival in the art of the theatre. After he collected the reduced price of a dollar fifty ticket, Kalmer got up from his chair, stuffed the Greek daily "Atlantis" into his pocket, bade me goo-night with a hearty shake of hand, and walked towards the revolving door of the Cafeteria and out into the unsuspecting masses moving along 42nd street, a most unlikely replica of Bonaparte in a Greek-American "acter's" world of make-believe. In a matter of minutes, "art corporal" Archie Kalmer strolling towards to-morrow and to-morrow's fifty cents, with fortitude and confidence, worthy of a worthier cause, was out of my sight and life. . .

I was already half way tearing 'up a small piece of paper when I realized it was my ticket for to-morrow's performance at the Comesee Theatre . . .

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UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS HONORS GREEK KING

(Continued from Page 21)

leadership in its turn depends on civic education and on the moral and intellectual standing of the individuals who go to make it up.

The creation of a better future implies for us the duty of preparing better conditions for our children and also enabling them to make the most of and improve these conditions. In other words, to mould with love and wisdom the material which will form the enlightened democratic leadership of a better community of the future.

We all know that Greece's mission in the world is spiritual rather than material, something which redounds to the credit both of our country and of ourselves.

Having this ultimate goal of our effort in mind, we can now go forward with a broader and more courageous outlook and, inspired by sound principles, build our Education along new improved lines which we must be the first to put into practice in this spiritual cradle of mankind.

This modern Education should guide our children into grasping two main principles. Firstly, that Unity is the instrument which helps us overcome this seeming opposition between the seen and unseen world, between Matter and Power, between Body and Soul, as also to prove that men are the children of God. Secondly, that our children, once they have grasped the true meaning of the Power which lies within this Unity, should be taught the extent of their responsibilities towards this Power. When our Youth realize and come to belive that we are part of this Power, that is of the Divine Power, then we must teach them to make constructive use of it by positive and creative thought, by positive and creative feeling as well as by positive and creative action.

Youth must be infused with the faith that this Power should only be used for constructive purposes and that a different use would take us back immediately to our former erroneous identification with only the material part of Truth and not with the whole Truth; that a different use would be an act of irreverence towards the Divine Power within us, that is towards God, a blow to the concept of Unity and a net loss to ourselves and to our fellow men.

Herein lies your task as members and collaborators of the University of Athens, as carriers of the Greek Spirit.

It is a significant and encouraging thing that Science, with all its staggering progress and its bold revelatons, always finds its culmination in the principles of our Christian Religion. The concept of Unity and of Creation are indissolubly bound up with the concepts of Love and Humility, with the deliverance of each and all of us from the slavery of self.

The relation of Man to God is a spiritual relation. The time has come for us to realize and practice this precept of the Holy Bible: "I will arise and go unto my father", the real meaning of which is our conscious elevation to meet the Spirit of God.

This is the responsibility, the great and noble mission of teachers and students alike.

I pray that God may guide your steps.

(Translated from the Greek)

GEORGE DROSINIS

(Continued from Page 7)

I. ABOUT DROSINIS AND HIS WORK

1. Drosinis' **Memoirs**—George Drosinis, Scattered Leaves of My Life, vol. 1, 1940; also 52 installments (numbered 1 through 52) in the newspaper **Ta Nea** Dec. 6, 1948—Dec. 31, 1948 and Jan. 3, 1949—Feb. 5, 1949, under the title "As Much As Is Not Effaced from My Memory. Sixty Years of Greek Life. The Memoirs of George Drosinis, Member of the Academy (of Athens)".
2. Association for Dissemination of Useful Books. Chronicle of the Forty Years Period 1899-1939; 8ο, pp. 141.
3. D. C. Hesseling, Histoire de la littèrature Grecque moderne, traduite du nèerlandais par N. Pernot. Paris 1924, pp. 99-103, and **passim**.
4. I. P. Voutieridis, A Concise History of Modern Greek Literature (1000-1930); 1934, pp. 371, 403 and **passim**.
5. A. Kambanis, History of Modern Greek Literature4, 1934, pp. 205, 250-252.
6. K. Dimaras, History of Modern Greek Literature, 1948-49, vol. 2 pp. 83 ff., 141 ff.
7. **Megali Elliniki Engyklopaideia** s.v. **Drosinis**.
8. T. Agras, Drosinis, **Nea Estia** 16(1934) no. 183 (August 1, 1934), pp. 678-684; no. 184 (August 15, 1934) pp. 735-743.
9. K. K. (—**Kostas Kairofylas**) George Drosinis Ninety Years Old, newspaper **Ta Nea** Dec. 4, 1948, p. 1 cols. 7-8.
10. A. Chourmouzios The Greek Literature from Solomos to Our Day: **Neoteron Engyklopaidikon Lexikon** s.v. **Ellas**, vol. 7, pp. 1095 f., 1109.
11. **Nea Estia 46** (1949) no. 534 (October 1, 1949), pp. 1233-41 (The Ninety Years of George Drosinis).
12. D. Margaris, Rrom the History of the Greek Periodicals. Estia, **HME** 1935, pp. 398-426.
13. D. Margaris, Three Afternoons with the Poet (G. Drosinis), **Nea Estia** 46 (1949) 1237-41 (Margaris' articles essential also on the posthumous works of Drosinis).
14. **Nea Estia** 50 (1951) no. 583 (Oct. 15, 1951), pp. 1339-1396 (Among other things, articles by P. Charis, S. Skipis, R. Golfis, K. Palamas, G. Xenopoulos, I. M. Panayotopoulos, A. Karandonis, D. Margaris).
15. **Elliniki Dimiouryia** no. 44 (1950) — no. 71 (Jan. 15 1951).
16. G. Kominis, Chats with George Drosinis, 1951, pp. 5-31.
17. F. Vrachas George Drosinis, the Poet and the man: **Kypriaka Grammata** (Nicosia, Cyprus) 16 (1951) no. 192, pp. 171-175; noà 193, pp. 205-211.

17a. D. Balanos, (Drosinis), **Proceedings of the Academy of Athens** 26 (1951) 285f.

18. A. N. Doxas, The Poet George Drosinis and His Work, Tripolis (Peloponnesus), 1951, pp. 5-36 (The author copies freely, mostly from numbers 14 and 17).
19. R. Golfis, The Prose of Drosinis: **Philoloyiki Protochronia** 9 (1952) 99-100.

(*) Where place of publication is not mentioned **Athens** is understood. Most books of Drosinis were published by the Athenian publisher **I. N. Sideris**; where another publisher is involved it is mentioned. The format is 8-vo, unless otherwise stated. The exponent just before the year of publication means the **edition**. (n.d.) means that **no date** is given on the printed material; when the year is given in parentheses, it has been inferred from other circumstances or information. The abbreviations in the text above are easy to decipher on the basis of this bibliography.

The present bibliography is not and could not be exhaustive when put together by one living in the United States where modern Greek materials are not abundant in the libraries. Thus articles in old periodicals and newspapers could not be included. For considerable help I am indebted to my friend Stavros Scopeteas, Library of the Greek Parliament, Athens; Greece. My thanks are also extended to Dr. M. Mitsos for his assistance in supplying me with various items, to Mrs. Edla G. Nazos for giving me some requested information, also to Dr. Demetrios Petropoulos and Dr. Demetrios Loucatos (Athens) for assistance and to Dr. George G. Arnakis (Univ. of Kansas) for reading the second part of this article in manuscript and making suggestions.

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20. **Athene,** the American Magazine of Hellenic Thought, vol. 13, no. 3 (autumn 1952) (devoted to George Drosinis and Gregory Xenopoulos; on Drosinis pp. 23-30).

Also several articles in Athenian magazines and newspapers of January 4 and 5, 1951, some of them included in **Nea Estia** vol. 50, no. 583, pp. 1371-1378 (critical evaluation of Drosinis' work by P. Charis, K. Dimaras, K. Paraschos, B. Iliadis, I. Venezis).

II. DROSINIS' WORKS

This bibliography does not contain poems and prose pieces or articles published in magazines and newspapers. Such work can and should be done in Greece. Also all translations of Drosinis' works into other languages and his poems set to music should be listed in a complete bibliography.

a. POETRY

1. **Spider's Webs;** Publisher L. Koromilas 1880, pp. 92 (57 poems and 2 prose pieces).
2. **Stalactites;** L. Koromilas. 1881, pp. 93+2 (33 poems).
3. **Idylls;** Publisher Attikon Mouseion, 1884, pp. 136 (41 poems and poetic renditions of Theocritus, Moschos, Anacreon, lyric poets of the Anthology).
4. **Amaranths;** [1] Publisher G. Kasdonis 1891, pp. 149; [2] (192-), pp. 127 (66 poems in four parts).
5. **Calm;** [1] 1902, [2] 1928 (2 collections: Our Village 27 poems, Our Seashore 18 poems).
6. **Luminous Darknesses** (1903-1914); [1] 1915, [2] 1917, [3] (1930) (136 poems).
7. **Closed Eyelids** (1914-1917); [1] 1917, [2] (1930), pp. 131 (78 poems).
8. **Fiery Sword** (1912-1921); [1] 1921, [2] 1923 (2 collections: 38+33 poems).
9. **Evening Will Be Falling** (1915-1922); [1] (1922), [2] (1930), pp. 180 (81 poems).
10. **The Dirge for the Beautiful One** (1922-1927); 1927, pp. 22 (221 lines).
11. **Said She** (1912-1932); 1932 (74 poems).
12. **Departed Swallows** (1911-1935); 1936, pp. 254 (126 poems + 84 distichs 'Hands Sung' + no. 10).
13. **Arsakeiades.** Some Physiognomies of Arsakeiades. On the Occasion of the Centennial of the Philekpaideftiki Etaireia, 1836-1936, pp. 36, plus 3 more tetrastichs.
14. **Sparks in the Ashes;** 1940, 16, pp. 222 (427 different votetrastichs printed alphabetically, actually being disticha).
15. **The Large Candles;** (1948), pp. 93 (collection of 66 sonnets about the loss of an Athenian maiden; printed in 1928, circulated in 1948).
    See also no. 52.

b. PROSE

NOVELS

16. **Amaryllis; 1886** (in **Estia** 20 (1885) 787-92, 807-11, 819-23a, 835-39a, 851-55, 868b-73b), [2] 1919, [3] 1922: [4] 1926.
17. **The Herb of Love;** (in **Estia** 25 (1888) 58-73, 85-90, 100-06, 116-120, 129-135, 149-153, 164-169, 181-184, 192-201, 218-221), Publisher P. M. Matiatos; [2] 1901 (pp. 156), [3] 1922, [4] (n.d.) (195 pp.) (From **The Herb of Love,** an opera was composed by Petros Petridis, which was never produced).
18. **Ersi;** [1] 1922; [2] (1929), 334 pp. (in 2 parts: Charites, Erinyes).
    See also nos. 53 and 54.

STORIES

19. **Rural Letters;** (In **Estia** 14 (1882) 425-27, 486-90, 501-05, 531-36, 563-67, 600-04, 630-34, 658-61), [2] Publisher Korinna (1882), [3] (193-), pp. 174 (12 letters).
20. **A Hiker's Impressions.** Three Days on Tinos; Korinna, 1883, pp. 79.
21. **Stories and Remembrances;** Publisher A. Konstandinidis, 1886 (pp. 7-120: Amaryllis, and 7 more stories pp. 123-249).
22. **Barbadimos, Narrations of a Veteran Warrior;** [2] Publisher Estia 1889, pp. 94, [3] (n.d.), [4] (n.d.)
23. **The Robber Angeloyannos** (A Rural Remembrance): Elliniki Vivliothiki. Contemporary Stories. n.d.). Publisher W. Bart, Bookstore K. Wilbert, pp. 59-71.
24. **Stories of the Country and the City;** [1] Publisher P. M. Matiatos, 1904, pp. 94, [2] (192-) (9 stories first published in Estia).
25. **The Diary of the Garrison of Mesolongi;** 1926.
26. **Mutely: HME** 1923, pp. 252-258 — **Nea Estia** 50 (1951) 1385-1388.
27. **The Flowering Wood. Three Pictures.** A Story. (Association for Dissemination of Useful Books). Publisher D. Dimitrakos, 1948, pp. 78.
28. **Greek Chalima. The Most Beautiful Fairy Tales of the Greek People.** Selection and Adaptation of George Drosinis. Series **a** and **b,** 1921, 1926), pp. 126 (26 + 16 fairy tales).
29. **Children's Fairy Tales;** three editions, [1] 1889, [2] 1903, [3] (1915), pp. 132 (on p. 132 a poem; [4] revised (Association for Dissemination of Useful Books. Children's Library no. 4), Publisher D. Dimitrakos, 1948, pp. 91.
30. **Irini** (prose); 1945, pp. 104.

c. ESSAYS

31. **I. Pendàmorfi (The Most Beautiful). An Esthetic Essay;** 1924 (The beautiful woman in Greek folklore and poetry).
32. **Animals and Birds in Our Folksongs: HME** 1924, pp. 49-67.
33. **Carnival in Athens: Estia** 16 (1883) 12-126.
34. **George Nazos and the Odeum of Athens.** Estia Printing House, 1938, 261 pp.
    See also nos. 55 and 56.

d. VARIOUS

35. George Kasdonis and George Drosinis, **Kallitechniki Pinakothiki.** Reproductions of art works of famous European artists.
36. **Letters of Nikolaos Yizis,** Compiled and Arranged by George Drosinis and Lambros G. Koromilas. Edition of "Ekloyi" (editor Helen Vlachou); 1953 (274 pp. + 1 sheet). (62 pictures, 16 of which **hors texte.** (The result of close cooperation between Drosinis and Mrs. Edla Nazos).

USEFUL BOOKS

(Association of Useful Books), Red Series:

37. **The Bees;** 1901 (86 pp.) No. 13.
38. **The Chickens;** 1913 (94 pp.) No. 37. [2] 1914 (with the fourth annual report of the Council of the Association of Useful Books, 14 pp.).

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39. **Fishing;** 1904 (88 pp.). No. 54.
40. **Collections of Natural History;** 1905 (92 pp.). No. 62.
41. **The Blind;** 1906 (109 pp. + 21). No. 75 (with an introductory lecture of D. Vikelas and instructions on the prevention of tuberculosis).
42. **The Hunter;** 1907 (76 pp.). No. 86).
43. **The Nation's Training in Shooting;** (1907), 71 pp. (reprint from Meleti no. 2, 1907).

FOLKSONG COLLECTIONS

44. **Folksongs of North Euboea** (vilage of Gouves): **Bulletin of the Historical and Ethnological Association** 1 (1883) 133-138.
45. **Love Distichs of Roumeli: ibid.** 1 (1883) 356-361; 2 (1885) 344.
46. **The Most Beautiful Folk Distichs.** Selection of George Drosinis; 1924 (542 distichs).
47. **The Most Beautiful Love Folksongs.** Selection of George Drosinis; 1927 (103 folksongs).

IN MANUSCRIPT

48. **Demotic Distichs;** 1881.
49. **Folksongs of Greece;** 1884.
50. **Folksongs;** 1885.

e. LITERARY MEMOIRS

51. **Scattered Leaves of My Life;** vol. 1, 1940. Vol. 2 to be printed; see above I, no. 1. (A 3rd volume is not mentioned by Drosinis; Margaris, **Nea Estia** 46.1240a, speaks of 2nd and 3rd volumes).

f. POSTHUMOUS WORKS

Among Drosinis' posthumous works are:

52. **Flowering Almond Trees.** (A collection of poems).
53 and 54. Two novels ready to go to press (cf. Margaris, **Nea Estia** 46.1240a).
55. **An essay on the French poet Andr' Chenier** (the innocent victim of the French revolution) and his Greek mother Elisabeth Xanthe, daughter of the Cypriot Chrysanthos Loumakis (cf. Drosinis, **Ta Nea** Jan. 19 and 20, 1949; Margaris, **Nea Estia** 50.1393.
56. **An Essay on the life of Herodes Atticus in Kiphisia.** (Drosinis was doing research thereon as late as in the summer of 1949. Cf. also his brief prose piece "The Extremely Wealthy Herodes," **Nea Estia** 46 (1949) 1235 f.).
57. The second volume of his **Memoirs;** see above nos. 1 and 51.

g. TRANSLATIONS

Poetry and prose of Drosinis have been translated into French, English, German, Italian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, Czech, Spanish, Hungarian, Icelandic, Bulgarian, Armenian.

h. DROSINIS' POEMS SET TO MUSIC

1. **Ora mu kali** (Goodbye!) by S. Samaras.
2. **The Sinful Woman** by D. Rodios.
3. **The Almond-Tree** by anonymous (now: Music House of Gaitanos).
4. **Happiness** by L. Kamilieris.
5. **The Running Water** by G. Vokos.
6. **Your Dear (Little) Hands** by N. Lambelet.
7. **When You Laugh and When You Talk** by N. Lambelet.
8. **When Your Two Eyes** by D. Rodios.
9. **A Graceful Girl** by S. Samaras.
10. **Married Before Going Abroad** by S. Samaras.
11. **Hymn to the Forefathers** by A.G.D.

and others by G. Lambiris (several) Nezeritis, etc.

DROSINIS' FRIENDS

On June 25, 1952 there was formed a group in Athens called "Drosinis' Friends", with the laudable purpose of bringing out an anthology of Drosinis' poetry and prose, of publishing the second volume of his Memoirs, and the series of his works (cf. P. Gl(ezos), **Nea Estia** 52 (1952) 961 f.)

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This other photo was snapped as CBS personality Jack Sterling helped get opening festivities under way. Throughout the lobby, posters and gaily-colored flags help carry out the theme of air travel while overhead, sleek model planes hang suspended from wires and are seen on all desks. The display has created a great deal of interest in the area and drawn many visitors from outside the ranks of regular customers.

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Mrs. Nicholas Dialyna (nee Miss Arta K. Michalaros) niece of the editor, was recently married in Salonica Greece. Mr. Dialyna is a lawyer.

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GREEKS ON THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

(Continued from Page 19)

he dismisses Fuca's claim and denies that he preceded Captain Cook by almost two hundred years. He says that in 1745 the British Parliament voted a reward of 20,000 pounds for the discovery of the Strait of Juan de Fuca and that Captain James Cook discovered in 1778 the southern entrance of the Strait. "Unfortunately", adds the writer, "he was unable to examine the opening, as, owing to the heavy gale having arisen, he was obliged to stand out to sea, and so missed the opportunity of making a discovery which would have added lustre to a name even as great as his." Then Judge Howay finds that the real discoverer of Juan de Fuca Strait was Captain Charles William Barkley, commander of a fur-trading vessel, the **Imperial Eagle,** under the English flag. This author also quotes Mrs. Berkley's diary given supra. Her testimony should have convinced this writer that Berkley was not the discoverer of the Strait.

(To be continued)

FOOTNOTES:

1. PURCHAS: **His Pilgrames,** Glasgow Ed., Vol. II p. 170 and **Dictionary of National Biography,** Vol. III p. 1269.
2. E. E. HALE: A Popular Life of Christopher Columbus, p. 90.
3. ELWOOD EVANS: **History of the Pacific Northwest** p. 31.
4. **Ibid,** p. 49.
5. See Maps of 1758.
6. **ELWOOD EVANS: History of the Pacific Northwest,** p. 36.

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